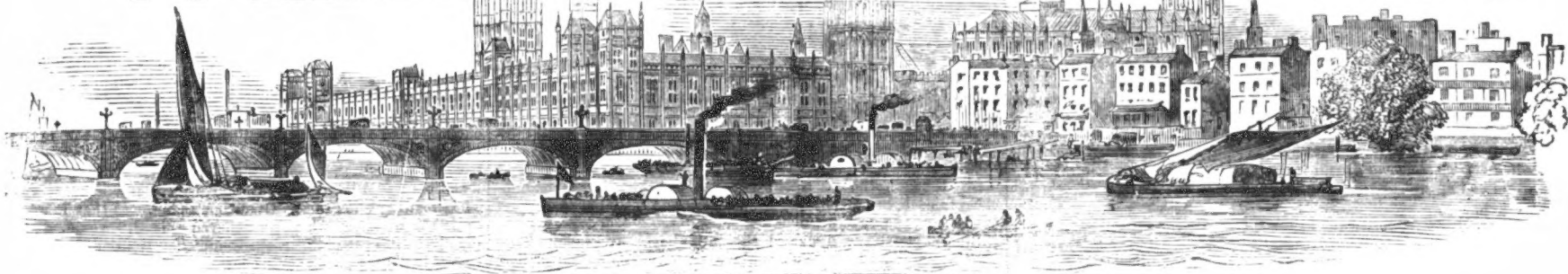


THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 11.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

ALL SAINTS' PARSONAGE AND SCHOOLS, BOYN-HILL, MAIDENHEAD.

The buildings shown in our illustration below are attached to All Saints' Church, Boyn-Hill, Maidenhead, and are known as the schools and clergyman's house. They form three sides of a quadrangle, and on the fourth side is an arched gateway, of simple yet effective design. In the centre there is a very chaste "Calvary Cross," on a somewhat low shaft, the material being Bath stone. The entire cluster of buildings are represented as "most religious in character." The circular staircase-tower, at the angle where the house and schools join, though somewhat foreign in look, presents, nevertheless, a most pleasing feature; and the same may be said of the very effective school-room itself. But the church, as, of course, it should be, is the most striking feature of the whole group. A bright red brick is the material used in the buildings, banded in the schools and house with black bricks, and, in the church, Bath stone is made use of for dressings and otherwise freely introduced. All the roofs are of red tiles.

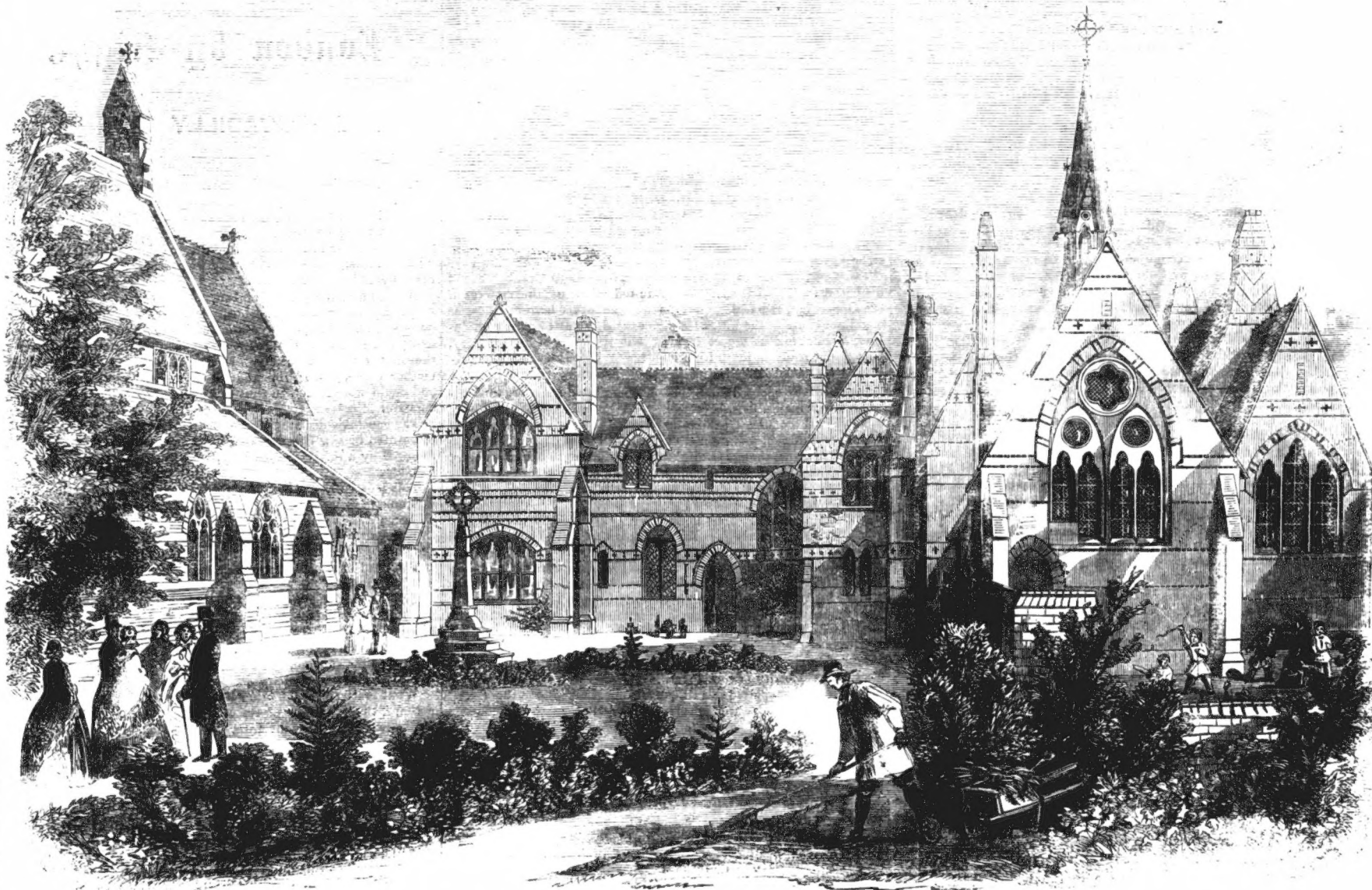
A RUSSIAN CONVOY CROSSING THE STEPPES.

LAST year several companies of volunteers determined to carry their ideas of the service to the utmost extent practicable, and actually marched into Brighton from long distances, even from London. Whether some of our metropolitan volunteers will attempt the march to Dover we have not yet heard; but even that would be a pleasant and easy march compared to what the Russian has continually to do, in proceeding from one point to another over the dreary steppes. The word *steppe* signifies a level waste, destitute of trees, and is supposed to be of Tartar origin. Their surface is covered with coarse rank grass, which feeds immense numbers of horses, but is unsuitable for cattle; hence in these long marches the Russian convoy has to provide itself with a large quantity of provender and rations. The general aspect of the steppes, owing to the perfect uniformity of the level, is dreary and monotonous in the extreme—a boundless plain, stretching in every direction to the farthest verge of the horizon. To amuse themselves over these dreary wastes, the Russian soldiers sing and dance, and make

themselves as comfortable as they can, as we see they are now doing in the illustration on page 164.

A small but very beautiful diamond has been found in a claim at Young's Creek, near Beechworth. The stone is perfectly white, and the crystallisation well defined. It is the second diamond found on that creek.

A writer from Paris says that rumours of war is very rife, and, though nobody can quite make up his mind that France will fight, yet everybody thinks she may be forced into war. I have talked to-day to a banker, to a waiter at a restaurant, to many "men about Paris," and to a soldier, and all declare that they and theirs rather dislike war, but if it be a war with Prussia, they are quite ready and willing. It is true that many horses are being bought—heavy cavalry in Normandy, light in the south of France; but this would have happened at any season.



COUNTRY SKETCHES—PARSONAGE AND SCHOOLS OF BOYN HILL CHURCH, MAIDENHEAD

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

The second reading of Mr. Percy Windham's Mines &c. Assessment was read a second time, the object of which he explained to be to place metalliciferous mines (as well as woodlands and plantations) on the same footing, as to assessment to the poor rate, as coal mines. Strong objections were taken to it by Mr. Kendall and Mr. Wyld as being totally inapplicable to Cornwall. Lord G. Cavendish moved that it be referred to a Select Committee, and in the conversation which followed, though its object was generally approved, various defects were pointed out in the clauses, and a unanimous opinion was expressed that the measure ought to be referred to a Select Committee.

Mr. Hardy reminded the House that there was now a case before the Queen's Bench ("Crawshaw v. Morgan") which would probably settle the law of rating of mines; but, in the meantime, he suggested that the Bill should be referred after Easter to a Select Committee, with an instruction which would enable it to consider all these anomalous exemptions from rating.

Ultimately this course was adopted, and the Bill, having been read a second time, was ordered to be referred to a Select Committee.

On the motion for going into Committee on the Fests Abolition (Oxford) Bill,

Mr. Fawcett moved an instruction to the committee enabling it to extend the Bill to Cambridge.

Mr. Selwyn opposed the admission of Dissenters to the governing body of the University of Cambridge, urging that that University had carried out *bona fide* all the requirements of the Reform Act, and had opened to Dissenters all her educational and social advantages.

Mr. Neate supported the instruction.

Mr. Gladstone, thinking that the educational advantages and endowments of the Universities ought to be open to Dissenters, but that better securities than Mr. Coleridge proposed ought to be taken for the preservation of the religious character of University education, and being, therefore, opposed to this Bill, supported the instruction on the ground that whatever was done ought to apply to both Universities.

Mr. Beresford-Hope strenuously objected to the instruction. After some further discussion, the instruction was carried by 233 to 166.

The Bill then passed through Committee.

ASSOCIATION OF WORKMEN BILL.

Mr. Neate moved the second reading of this Bill, the occasion of which he explained was the recent judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench, and the object to provide that associations of workmen shall not forfeit the protection against fraudulent officials given under the 44th section of the 18th and 19th of Victoria, cap. 63, on the ground assigned by the Court, that their rules are in restraint of trade.

The Attorney-General opposed the Bill, pointing out that the readiest course for these societies to put themselves under the protection of the law was to repeal those rules which had been declared to be illegal.

Mr. Hughes replied that to ask these societies to repeal these rules was asking them to extinguish themselves.

Mr. Powell, though opposed to this particular Bill, was ready to support a more legitimate mode of relieving them from the inconveniences the judgment of the Queen's Bench had entailed on him.

Mr. Mill argued that this judgment actually amounted to a new law, of which the societies had no forewarning, and the only moral course, therefore, was to preserve the *status quo* until the whole subject was reviewed.

SPAIN AND THE TORNADO CASE.

Lord Stanley (in answer to Mr. Osborne) stated that a despatch had recently been received from the Spanish Government on the Tornado case, which, though unsatisfactory, was not conclusive. No reply had been received to his last despatch on the Victoria business.

BRIBERY BILL.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (in answer to Sir G. Grey) intimated that he would not proceed with the Bribery Bill before Easter.

REFORM BILL.

Lord Grosvenor pointed out that only one night could be given to the discussion of Mr. Gladstone's amendment, and suggested that the committee should be postponed until after Easter, hinting that during the recess some compromise might be arrived at. The suggestion was supported by Colonel W. Patten, and strenuously opposed by Mr. Ayrton, who held that nothing would more facilitate a settlement than a discussion and a decision on Mr. Gladstone's amendment.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane having stated his determination not to make way by withdrawing his motion on the Tornado case,

Mr. Gladstone condemned the suggestion as ill-timed, and exposing the House, if adopted, to grave suspicions of its earnestness.

Mr. Osborne vigorously condemned the proposal for delay, accusing Lord Grosvenor of collusion with the Government, and asserting that compromise after Mr. Disraeli's Circular was impossible.

Lord Elcho agreed with Lord Grosvenor that postponement of the Bill until after Easter would facilitate a compromise.

Mr. Bright remarked that had this been the second reading it might have been wise to defer the commencement of the debate until after Easter, but this question of personal payment of rates had been already so much discussed that it might be easily settled in one night's debate.

The suggestion for delay was supported by Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Dillwyn, and Sir R. Knightley, and condemned by Mr. Mill and Mr. Whitbread.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that, though this was a question to be decided by the feeling of the House, his own opinion was that the debate ought to proceed, for the Bill had as yet hardly ever been adequately discussed, and that he gathered to be the opinion of the majority.

After some further conversation Lord Grosvenor withdrew his suggestion in deference to the will of the majority, and the House went into Committee on the Bill.

On Clause 3, Mr. Gladstone moved his first amendment, striking out the condition of personal rating. The object of this series of amendments was to carry out the views which he had expressed on the first and second reading, and he described the plan of the Government as open to two strong objections, the extreme narrowness of its immediate enfranchisement, and the stringent barriers it erected against the entrance of the great mass of householders under £10. In illustration of the first he referred to the Reform Bill of 1832, in which only just over 100,000 would be admitted, and that two-thirds of the householders under £10 being compounders would be ex-

cluded. The real gist of the question, however, was the manner in which compound householders were to be admitted, and he denied that personal rating was a constitutional basis of the franchise, and insisted that a man who pays rates by his landlord is as truly rated as if he paid them with his own hand. He showed how unequally the franchise, coupled with the operation of the Small Tenements Act, would work in different towns, and even in different parishes of the same town, and how in towns partially under the Small Tenements Act it would hand over all the electoral power to a minority of the inhabitants, and among other objections he repeated that the Bill would put the composition of constituencies in the hands of the local authorities. Working men had often strong reasons, arising out of the nature of their work and the weekly payment of their wages, for choosing to be compound householders and even lodgers.

The Solicitor-General, declining to follow Mr. Gladstone through his discursive speech, addressed, he intimated, more to the country than to the House, and confining himself to the Amendment before the House, pointed out that personal rating was already a necessary condition of the suffrage under the Reform Act, and argued that the Compound Householders Act never contemplated an interference with the franchise, and had, in fact, nothing whatever to do with it.

Sir E. Buller maintained that the principle of the Bill was household suffrage, tempered by certain limitations.

The O'Donoghue reflected with some acrimony on the conduct of the Tories in regard to Reform, insisting that they were still the enemies of the enfranchisement of the people, as was proved by this Bill.

Mr. Kendall, though regretting that the Government had decided to deal with Reform at all, had made up his mind to support the Bill, and to go down to household suffrage if necessary.

Sir W. Heathcote discussed the amendment as presenting an alternative between household suffrage, with the limitation of personal rating, and a £5 rating franchise, and expressed his preference for the latter as containing more of the elements of a permanent settlement; and that the Government Bill was eminently unsatisfactory.

Mr. Herbert, on the contrary, regarded the £5 line as affecting a wider disfranchisement than personal rating.

Colonel Bartolot maintained that the Compounding Acts were a mistake, and ought to be done away with; and said that the Conservatives were ready to yield on all points but a residence and rating, and to these he exhorted the Government to stand fast.

Mr. Coleridge, in supporting the amendment as containing more of the elements of permanency than the Government plan, regretted that Mr. Disraeli had signified his determination not to yield in such decided terms. The clause as it stood, he argued, would exclude large numbers who had a right to the franchise; it would impose a considerable line on those who came in, for more money must be paid by those who went on the register (and he hinted that it would often be the candidates who would have to pay) than by those who were content to remain as compounders, and he preferred to it Mr. Gladstone's plan, which gave what it gave freely, cordially, and without any suspicion of their unworthiness. To household suffrage personally he had no objection, though the country perhaps was not prepared for it; but he was opposed to this mixing up of rating with the franchise, with which it had nothing whatever to do.

Mr. Henley complained of the indefiniteness and incompleteness of the issue before the House, illustrating his complaint by the different motives assigned by Sir Wm. Heathcote and Mr. Coleridge for supporting it.

Lord Cranborne commenced by expressing his regret that the moderate Bill of last year had not been accepted, for, though he would have been sitting on a different side, the prospects of the British Constitution would be brighter. Taken as a whole, he preferred Mr. Gladstone's to Mr. Disraeli's scheme, and should therefore support the amendment.

After some caustic remarks from Mr. Erle, *apropos* of the threatened dissolution, and a short conversation on the propriety of postponing the motion for adjourning over the Easter recess until it was apparent whether the debate would conclude in one night, the Chairman was ordered to report progress.

Mr. Rebeck, who, after protesting against the epithets which were lavished on Reformers who did not agree with Mr. Gladstone, compared the rival plans of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, and expressed his preference for the first, because it drew no invidious line between the two classes, and extended to all classes of householders the same privileges as to the 10-pounders. But Mr. Gladstone's plan was restrictive, and its true character was shown by the enthusiastic support it had received from Lord Cranborne and his friends. He made some sarcastic reflections on the motives of the Opposition, remarking that as he had never been in office, he could not share in the bitter feelings caused by a temporary exclusion, and having no object in view but the good of the country, he was not ready to jump from one side of the House on any pretence however slight.

Mr. B. Hope opposed the bill as democratic and tending to Americanize our institutions.

Mr. W. E. Forster, speaking as an old Reformer and a friend of household suffrage, maintained that the Bill only gave a rate-paying suffrage, and, though it might be good for the 57 open boroughs, for the other 171, where the compounding Acts were in force, partially or entirely, it was a restrictive measure, or, as it had been called, only an "optional" household suffrage Bill.

Mr. Hunt professed himself exceedingly puzzled by the varying reasons which were assigned for opposing the Bill. He compared the amendments to a poacher's gun, which was carried about in sections, and was only efficacious when the parts were put together, and, replying to Mr. Gladstone's arguments, he maintained that the "fine" he dwelt on so persistently would be speedily disposed of by the readjustment of the rent between landlord and tenant, when the tenant took upon himself the payment of rates.

Mr. Locke defended the conduct of the "48," pointing out that it had the valuable effect of getting the Bill into Committee and testing the sincerity of the Government.

Mr. Liddell supported the Bill, believing that it was the fairest and most straightforward means of admitting to the franchise a large number of the best of the working classes.

Mr. Gilpin supported the amendment.

Mr. Dalglish, who, speaking from below the gangway on the Opposition side, put this pointed question to Mr. Gladstone,—"Was his amendment intended to carry out the principle of the Bill, or was it meant to obstruct its passage?"—for he was strongly opposed to a repetition of the tactics of 1859, which had delayed it for a fortnight.

Mr. Hubbard, after making a long and elaborate statement, examined the safeguards of the Bill, and said that if it were to be a new personal payment of rates, it would be a great improvement.

Mr. Horsman supported the amendment, whatever regarded as a

single proposition or as part of an alternative scheme, and, comparing it with Mr. Disraeli's plans, he condemned the latter as delusive, vexatious, and disappointing, democratic in principle, restricted in enfranchisement, and universally condemned by the country.

Mr. Hardy twitted Mr. Horsman with his sudden conversion to a scheme identical with that which he so strenuously opposed last year, and created much laughter by congratulating him on having at last found a leader. Mr. Gladstone's plan—to strike out rating from the qualifications for the franchise—was contrary to the whole current of recent legislation and to all the elements of national representation, and he expressed his extreme astonishment that it should be supported by Lord Cranborne and his friends, who thought there were not sufficient restrictions in the Bill.

Mr. Bright defined the amendment as a proposal that every person to whom the franchise was to be given should be put on exactly the same footing as every other voter, and pointed out that Mr. Hardy had not explained why the compounders under £10 should be treated differently from those above the line, and that difference, he asserted, was in direct violation of the law as it now stood.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer reminded the House that there were now two policies before the House, for Mr. Gladstone's amendments amounted to a counter proposition, and must be taken as a bundle; and to his own Mr. Gladstone had taken two objections:—that the principle of rating was newfangled, and that it was too exclusive. To the first he replied that the principle of rating was consecrated by our ancient law and by the Reform Act, and to the second he replied that in fixing a basis the question was not whether its effects would be expansive or exclusive, but whether it was just. The great objection to Mr. Gladstone's plan, was that it would not settle the question, which he believed this Bill would, and to all the difficulties raised about the Compound Householders he replied that if the Bill passed they would be easily overcome in practice, pointing out at the same time that all these difficulties and inconveniences would abound under the system of a hard line. From this principle of personal rating they could not swerve, and as the amendment was plainly hostile to it, and must completely supersede the policy the Government recommended, they could not accept it.

Mr. Gladstone, commencing on the distinction Mr. Disraeli had attempted to draw, replied that so long as he was leader of the Opposition it was idle to talk of considering any amendments and excluding those which he might propose. In summing up the course of the debate he repeated his old objections to the injustice with which the compounders were treated, the improper power given to vestries, the facilities for corruption, &c. defended the policy of drawing a line as that which would admit the best class of voters and would effect the most lasting settlement, and energetically repudiated all responsibility for any measure founded on personal rating.

The Division was taken at half-past one exactly, in a scene of extraordinary excitement. It lasted more than twenty minutes, and when the Clerk at the table handed the paper to Mr. Whitmore, the Government teller, the Ministerialists broke out into a ringing cheer, which for a good minute prevented the numbers being read out. They were—

For the Amendment	289
Against it	310
Majority for the Government	21

As the decisive character of the majority was made known, the cheers broke out again, and many members crowded round Mr. Disraeli to shake hands with him, and congratulate him on the victory.

London by Night.

"THE PICCADILLY MURDER."

It was certainly one of the most audacious crimes ever perpetrated.

The victim was found, between the hours of six and seven in the morning, lying on the flag-stones in Piccadilly, just outside the gateway leading to Burlington-house. A dagger had been thrust into his breast, and was still there when the constable on the beat came by and discovered him.

He was a man apparently about forty years of age, a foreigner, singularly handsome, having bushy whiskers, a jet-black moustache, no beard, curly hair, and eyes that had once flashed with an amorous fire. His attire was that of a gentleman accustomed to move in the first circles of society. Money was found upon him, but neither cards, letters, or address of any description. His watch and chain were intact, so that robbery was not the motive of the assassin.

The constable declared that a short time before the murder was committed he saw the deceased walking slowly along Piccadilly, followed by a richly-dressed lady, who appeared to be dogging his footsteps.

This lady carried a box of some size under her arm; her face he was unable to see, owing to the foggy air, and also more on account of a thick Maltese veil which covered her face.

This part of the constable's story was strangely corroborated by the following fact:—

The dead man held, firmly grasped in his hand, a small piece of a lady's dress.

The supposition was, that he had, in his struggle for life, or in his death agony, clutched at the dress of his murderess and torn a piece out.

It was but a small piece of black silk, not much bigger than the palm of a man's hand, but I treasured it up jealously.

It was a link in a chain.

What matter that the other links were not yet forged? It was, perhaps, the beginning of the clue which would lead me through the intricacies of the labyrinth.

The conduct of this strange case devolved upon me. Of course a large reward was offered by Government, and other officers tried to unravel the tangled skein.

The papers, however, said that Sergeant Stopford was making diligent investigations, and every day there was the usual stereotyped passage about "on the track of the assassin," "active and intelligent officer," "great discoveries," "unable to divulge any information for fear of putting the criminal in possession of important facts," "confidence of ultimate success," "perpetrator of the horrible crime about to be placed in the hands of justice."

The plain fact being, that though the hands of justice were

itching to catch the murderer, they were far from having any inkling as to his or her whereabouts.

All we could discover was that the deceased gentleman was a Spaniard, who had arrived from the continent by the night mail, and left a portmanteau at the Grosvenor Hotel, giving the name of Signor Paolo.

The dagger employed in his assassination was made of very fine steel, and seemed to be of foreign manufacture, though there was no name or mark upon it by which we could discover where it was sold.

It was singular that no papers were found in his portmanteau which was filled with clothes of an expensive description, and nearly new.

The buttons on the trousers bore the name of a Parisian tailor, and an officer was despatched to Paris to make inquiries there.

All he could learn was that a gentleman answering Signor Paolo's description, had been staying at the Louvre Hotel for a fortnight, and had paid his way regularly.

The murder was committed on the 15th of October, 185—.

Three days afterwards I was talking to the inspector on duty in the large room or hall in Scotland-yard.

Several constables were sitting and standing about.

A conversation between two of them struck me as being curious, and without intending to do so I listened.

"What became of young Moses in the Bullrushes?" asked one.

"Oh, he's in the workhouse, of course," was the reply.

"Couldn't you find the woman who did it?"

"No. I was the other side of the bridge when it happened. If I had been close to her, she wouldn't have stepped it so quick, I'll lay a sovereign."

"What's that you're saying, my man?" I exclaimed, approaching the second speaker.

"We were only talking about something that happened last Thursday, sir."

"The 15th?" I ejaculated.

"Sunday, Saturday, Friday—yes, it was the 15th. You see, sir, I was on duty at Westminster-bridge, and was standing near the clock tower, when I heard a cry proceeding from the centre of the bridge."

"What time was this?" I eagerly demanded.

"If I remember rightly, sir, Big Ben had just gone the hour."

"What hour?"

"Seven."

"Go on!" I cried.

"Running up to the spot from whence the cry came, I saw a man leaning over the parapet."

"What's up?" says I.

"Why," says he, "policeman, a woman's been and thrown a box into the river. There it goes. It's floating."

"The box was just beginning to lift a bit, and I could see a box drifting down to a lighter."

"Hi!" I cried, "Look out below! collar that box, my lads! I'll be down with you directly."

"They did as I directed them, and I saw the box safely hauled on board the lighter."

"The man and I then went down the steps on to the mud, for it was ebb tide. (The works for the Thames embankment were not then in process of construction.)"

"Why didn't you stop her?" says I to him.

"I couldn't; she was too quick," he replied. "But I did my best, and tried my hardest. Look here."

"He extended his hand, and I saw a piece of silk. It was torn out of a lady's dress, as far as I could see."

"Give us hold," I said.

"He parted with it, and I put it in my pocket, thinking it would be wanted some day for the purpose of identification; anyhow a scrap of paper has turned out useful at times."

"When we reached the wharf, outside which the lighter was lying, the lighterman handed us the box, which was made of deal, and tied with a rope. Cutting the rope, we lifted the lid, and found a child, half smothered, though a hole or two had been made in the side to let in air. Fortunately the child wasn't dead, and we took it to the workhouse. That's all, sir."

"When the constable had finished his narration, I exclaimed, with as careless an air as I could command, "Fetch me the silk you speak of."

"I shan't have to go far for that," he replied, "because it's in my waistcoat pocket."

"He placed his fingers in his pocket, and drew out a scrap of greasy paper, wrapped in which was the silk."

Hastily unfolding it, I could scarcely suppress a cry of joy, which rose involuntarily to my lips.

It was identical with the piece I had already in my possession, and which was found in the hand of the murdered man, as he lay on the pavement in Piccadilly.

I could have sworn that they were part and parcel of the same dress.

I now began to see my way.

My first care was to go to the workhouse and see the child. The authorities had carefully preserved the box. About this there was nothing particular. It was constructed of deal, and looked as if it had been sent home from some milliner, so delicate was its make.

The child, when found, was wrapped in a piece of plain calico. There was nothing with any mark on it about the little fellow, who was not more than a month old.

It was a question whether he would live, but great care being taken of him, chiefly through my intercession, he did survive, and, as he grew, the conviction forced itself upon my mind that he was singularly like the murdered Spaniard.

I began to form a theory.

My theory was this:—The Spaniard had formed an illicit connection with the lady by whose hand he met his death. She had cause to be jealous, and formed the dreadful resolve of killing him, and getting rid of the fruit of her unlawful love at the same time.

In order that my theory might be correct, it was necessary to take for granted that the lady who committed the Piccadilly murder, and the lady who threw the child over Westminster-bridge into the river, were one and the same person.

The idea grew in my mind, and I had recourse to every artifice to discover the criminal.

Not a vestige of success attended my efforts.

The Piccadilly murder began to be forgotten.

People classed it with the Waterloo-bridge tragedy.

The police, as is usual in such cases, were declared to be a set of simpletons, and of no practical use whatever.

Two years elapsed.

About eleven o'clock in the morning I was passing from Catherine-street into Drury-lane, through a court known as White Horse-yard.

On the left-hand side there was, and is now, for the matter of that, a rag shop.

Suspended from a nail, outside the shop, I saw a very old and rusty black silk dress.

Now, there was nothing very extraordinary in the fact of a black silk dress hanging up outside a marine-store dealer's.

But what attracted my attention was this.

Round the skirt were two rents. It appeared that two pieces of silk had been forcibly torn out of the dress.

The Piccadilly murder rose to my mind.

Carefully wrapped up in my pocket-book I had made a point of carrying the pieces of silk I had obtained two years ago.

I produced them, and, unfolding them, had no difficulty in making them fit in the holes in the dress.

This was conclusive.

There was now no moral doubt whatever that I saw hanging up before my eyes the identical dress worn by the lady who mortally stabbed the Spaniard, and who, later on that eventful morning, cast the child over the bridge.

The woman who kept the shop was well known to me, and, seeing her at the door, attentively watching my operations, I said—

"From whom did you buy that dress?"

"Is there anything wrong about it?" she asked, evading my question.

"It's all square, as far as I know," I replied.

"Oh! if you'll stick to that, I don't mind overhauling my memory. Let me see. I bought that black silk, two moires, a velvet mantle, and an old umbrella, from a girl as comes here often."

"That's lucid," I said, with a laugh. "Is that all you can tell me, mother?"

"Yes; I don't ask my customers their names and addresses; but I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'll stand something handsome?"

"What's that?"

"I'll stop her the next time she comes, and you can ask her whatever questions you like."

"That will do," I replied, seeing that was the only feasible method of getting at the information I wanted.

The weeks rolled on. I called regularly once a day at the marine-store, but without hearing the intelligence I longed for so much.

At last it came. I was making my daily visit when I heard a woman's voice raised in angry altercation.

"What right have you to detain me, I should like to know?" she exclaimed. "If I've done anything wrong, get a policeman. I won't be detained by you—so I tell you!"

At this moment I interposed.

"Is this the young person I am in search of?" I asked.

"That's her," replied the marine-store dealer; "and I'm glad you're come, for she's been a going on at me awful. That's her who sold me the gown."

"Well, if I did, it was my own; I didn't steal it," replied the girl, boldly.

She was about five-and-twenty, and looked like a housemaid or general servant.

My surmise turned out to be correct, for she almost immediately supplemented her former speech by saying, "I am under-housemaid at Mivart's Hotel, and can get as good a character as—"

"Yes—yes; we don't doubt that for a moment," I said. "You mistake me altogether. I merely want to know from you who gave you this silk dress?"

I pointed to the garment which the shopkeeper brought out. I had made it my property by the payment of a small sum, and had had it kept in the shop for me.

"That," said the servant, thoughtfully, "that was sold me by Liza Anne."

"Who is she?"

"Why, Lady Esther Lumley-Grantham's maid."

"Lady Esther Lumley-Grantham?"

I repeated the name carefully, and wrote it down in my tablets.

"She was staying at Mivart's, I presume, at the time?" I asked.

"She was. She always stays there when she is in England, which is not often, and she is here now seldomer than ever."

"Do you remember October 15th, Mary? Is your name Mary?"

"No. It's Susan! but no matter. Do I remember October 15th? Yes, I do. What of it?"

"Was Lady Esther in London then?"

"She was."

"Do you recollect her being ill at all?"

"Yes, she was very ill in September, because the doctor came every day, and sometimes twice."

"Did you hear what was the matter with her?"

Susan grew a little red in the face. "Well," she said, "I can't speak with certainty, but servants will talk you know, and—"

"Yes. Go on."

"They did say that Lady Esther had been confined; leastways, I heard something drop from the nurse, who was there at the time."

"Can you give me the nurse's address?" I inquired calmly.

"Let me see. It's Mrs. Martin, three doors down the Langham-mews, at the back of Portland-place."

"Thank you, Susan. There is half-a-crown for you," I said, slipping the coin into her hand, and walking quickly away in the direction of Portland-place.

Here was the key to the enigma.

I sought the nurse, and found that she had been heavily bribed to secrecy, but by threats and promises, judiciously blended, I made her admit that her ladyship had been confined at the Hotel, and that she was the mother of a boy.

Mrs. Martin declared that she should know the child again, by a slight mark on its left shoulder.

I took her to the workhouse, showed her the child, and she identified him at once by the mark aforesaid.

So far so good.

I now made inquiries about Lady Esther Lumley-Grantham, and found that she was in every way her own mistress. She travelled about the continent with her maid, and was regarded as eccentric; her income was ample, but her character not of the best.

I communicated by telegraph with the French police, who informed me that Lady Esther was sojourning at a quiet hotel, in the Place Vendôme.

Putting myself in the train, I went at once over to Paris and called upon her ladyship, who, not knowing who I was, or what my business might be, received me in a moment.

She was a stately personage, under thirty, good-looking, with soft, melting blue eyes. A peculiarity of these eyes, as I afterwards discovered, was that they would dilate and swell with a visible anger whenever her ladyship was roused.

Her hair was of a silky auburn, her hands and feet small, though she was slightly inclined to embonpoint.

"Who are you?" she said, rudely, "and what do you want with me?"

"Lady Esther Lumley-Grantham. I believe?" I said.

"Yes, that is my name," she returned, frigidly.

"Thank you. It is as well to identify people before one commences. Will your ladyship be good enough to tell me if you remember the 15th of October two years back?"

She shuddered.

I distinctly saw her blood rush from her cheek, and creep through her veins as if inclined to curdle.

"Stepping up to me and clenching her teeth, she hissed,—

"Man, why do you put that question to me?"

"Because it concerns us both. I may as well throw off all disguise. I am a detective police-officer. Permit me to recapitulate what took place on the 15th of October, 185—"

She became very cold and stern. Sitting down in a *fauteuil*, she watched my every movement and gesture with a lynx-like eye.

"At about half-past six in the morning, Signor Paolo was stabbed to the heart in Piccadilly; half-an-hour later a child was cast into the river from Westminster Bridge."

"The newspapers got as far as that," she replied, contemptuously.

"Possibly. I have gone beyond that, however. I have the dress worn by you on the morning of the murder; I have the nurse who attended you at the hotel; I have the child you attempted to destroy."

"The man is mad," she said, as if speaking to herself.

"No," I said, rising to my feet; "the man is sane enough to drag you to the scaffold, Lady Esther."

I then produced a warrant for her arrest, with which I had armed myself before I started.

Explaining its nature, I added, "You must see the folly of resistance. You are my prisoner. Be cautious as to what you say, for anything you may let fall will be used against you in evidence."

I saw her eyes dilate with anger, which she could with difficulty repress.

"Mon Dieu! It has come to this," she muttered.

"I will give your ladyship half an hour to make arrangements," I said, "but I cannot let you out of my sight."

"Very well," she replied, recovering herself, "I accompany you, and speedily refute this infamous and shameful accusation, which is the fruit of a disordered brain. You may depend, sir, that you will be severely punished for thus attacking the reputation of a lady in my position."

All at once her assumed fortitude gave way. She seemed to feel the position in which she was placed, most acutely.

Sinking back again into her seat, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

I looked on unconcerned.

It was impossible to feel any pity for such a monster as I fully believed her to be.

Presently she looked up, with her beautiful tear-stained face.

"Come hither," she said, beckoning me.

I remained immovable.

It was her part to supplicate, not to command, and she knew it. Getting up, she crawled rather than walked to me, sinking down on her knees at my feet, cowering with a terror irrepressible, absorbing, which convulsed her whole frame.

"See," she said, "I am kneeling at your feet. I pray you to forget all you have said. It is awful to be hunted as you have hunted me for two years, and I fancied myself so brave!"

"Again I must caution you," I observed.

"I care not what I say," she replied. Listen to me. That man Paolo wronged me, deeply, cruelly wronged me. I had cause to hate him. He destroyed my heart of hearts, which I had foolishly given into his keeping. He drove me mad, and I am very proud and self-willed."

I entreated her to rise, and put an end to this painful scene, telling her I must do my duty.

"Come," she cried, "you will connive at my escape. I have jewels and gold, all shall be yours."

I shook my head.

"You will not! you are inexorable!"

"It cannot be, my lady, you do not belong to me."

"To whom then?"

"Rather say to what; you are the property of the law."

She rose with a stately dignity, I had not expected after her humiliation.

"So be it," she said in a faint voice. "I have your permission, I presume, to ring for my maid, and arrange my affairs here."

"Certainly. You will, however, permit me to keep you within my sight."

She rang the bell, and afterwards opened an *écritoire*, taking from it a small phial.

Before I could divine her intention, or stop her, she drew the cork, placed the neck of the bottle to her mouth, swallowed its contents, and fell to the ground with the word "Paolo" on her lips.

An odour of bitter almonds pervaded the apartment.

Rushing to her, I raised her head, her face was livid, she had taken prussic acid, and her death was instantaneous.

So the hangman was cheated after all.

THE END.

On Monday afternoon the chairman of the Civic Improvement Committee, with a numerous body of the Corporation and City officers inspected the works now in progress for the great viaduct which is to be constructed from Holborn-hill to the top of Skinner-street, near the Old Bailey, over the Valley of the Fleet.

The inspecting party were received at the eastern gate of the works by the contractors and their officers, who conducted the visitors over the ground and explained the operations. At the close of their inspection the gentlemen constituting the party expressed their admiration of the work so far as it has progressed, and their complete satisfaction with it. More than two years remain of the five allowed by Parliament for the completion of the great structure, and no doubt is entertained of its being finished within the time specified by the Legislature.

In all probability before the expiration of another twelvemonth we shall have two new theatres in London. One, as previously announced, will be in Long-acre, in the building hitherto known as St. Martin's Hall. The other will be erected on the ground in Leicester-square, now occupied by Pagliano's *Saboteurs* Hotel. To quote from Mr. Sala: "The northern half of this hotel was, until 1764, a private dwelling house, its door distinguished by a bust, made of pieces of cork, cut and glued together, and afterwards gilt, and known as 'The Painter's Head.' The painter's head was cut by the painter himself, who lived there, and the painter was that painter, engraver, and moralist, that prince of pictorial philosophers,

Whose pictured words charm the mind,

And through the eye correct the heart,"

the King's Serjeant-Painter, William Hogarth."



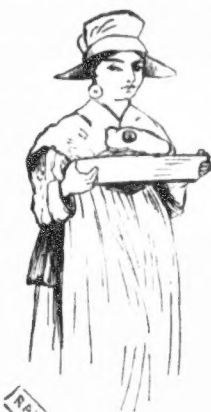
A RUSSIAN CONVOY CROSSING THE STEPPES. (See Page 161.)



A STREET IN BAR GIL-SHAI. (See Page 169.)

"A WEEK WITH MOSSOO."

UNDER this title Messrs. Routledge have published a wonderful shilling book, full of pictures, and written by Mr. Charles H. Ross, with whose extraordinary clever story in these columns our readers are well acquainted. Upon principle we very much object to Mr. Ross's comic shilling books, because, in our opinion, he ought to be doing something more worthy of him; but then his are the only shilling books worth reading, and, while so many thousands seem to be sold of them, we suppose he will still go on wasting his time, in spite of all we can say to the contrary.



This last comic book of Mr. Ross's is a droll mixture of fact and fiction. There is a pretty love story, much satirical writing about things in general, and a large number of very useful hints, which intending visitors to Paris ought to learn by heart with a little delay as possible. Our subscribers would do well to purchase the attractive little volume, if only to learn the singular versatility of the genius of the author of "Dead Acre"—a story which forms an astonishing contrast to the light and catchy "Week with Mossuo."



Mr. Ross generally illustrates his comic books with his own grotesque pencil alone; but "A Week with Mossuo" has also some valuable contributions of Vicor Ravel, who has drawn us the OUVREUSE DES LOGES at the Cirque du Prince Impérial—very French and very natty—and some clever initial letters. Speaking of initial letters brings to mind the elaborate heading to Chapter VI., "The Morgue," which is the most effective bit of drawing in the book. There is a freedom and boldness about Mr. Ross's sketches which recalls very forcibly to our mind the inimitable productions of Gavarni—especially those sketches which partake of the grotesque, such as the "TWO LITERARY LIONS," in p. 116 of the book.



While our author-artist draws pretty girls to rival those of our late lamented Leech himself; nay more, he gives us two well defined types of French and English beauty. The lady drawing on her glove "IN THE PASSAGE AT THE GRAND," is unmistakably French; while "THE MINNIFER," is a very fair sample of our native comeliness.

One of the very useful hints to intending visitors from *perfidie Albion* is the simple vernacular for ordering "two glasses of bitter"—a light refreshment of which we thirsty islanders stand in continual need. There are various kinds of beer to be got in Paris; besides our well-beloved Bass and Allsop (bottled only), which, of course, are superior to all, there is a very fair draught ale to be obtained everywhere. This Mr. Ross in his book tells us how to order, and illustrates the passage with a sketch of a gargon flying along with the conventional "V'LA M'SIEU," as only French waiters do fly, with an astonishing burthen in each hand—a sketch, by the way, which has unquestionably been taken in a boulevard.



There is no attempt at fine writing in the book, but some passages show very keen observation. Speaking of hotels and *tables d'hôtes* he says:—

"But it is a noteworthy fact about the travelling English that, though in their own country they are doomed to an everlasting purgatory of ill-cooked joints or savage grills of beef and mutton, once let them cross the Channel, and they become as critical upon the subject of made dishes as at home they affect to be upon the subject of wine and cigars, about which, I am proud to say, there is not a beardless male child of decent

parentage which does not call itself a jauge, and fancy that it knows a thing or two worth knowing."

Touching the noxious weed he remarks:—

"I don't know why it is that men are always so particularly anxious to smoke on a railway; but when Peplow suggested it it struck me that we should not be able to get on anyhow without a cigar. I have frequently got through a day without smoking when I have not been upon a railway, but there it appears to be as great a hardship as a man can endure to perform half-an-hour's travel without tobacco. Anybody with some spare time upon his hands is at liberty to work this problem out."

This is a first glimpse of Paris:—

"Here we are at last."

"Yes, we were there. There, in the city of pleasure. The city of perpetual promenaders. The city of five hundred Regent-streets. The 'gay capital.' 'The wicked city.' 'The only city in the world worth living in.' There we were, first in narrow winding lanes, with houses all the colours of the rainbow, and every story painted over with strangely shaped letters of all sorts and sizes, some of them a yard high at least, while below were roughly-fashioned windows, filled by things quite strange to us, from the drinking shop, with its hundred and one odd bottles, to the greengrocer's, with its prodigal luxuriance of fruits and vegetables, and its herbs and salad mixings, the names of which are legion."

"Then suddenly out into a great broad seemingly endless street, lined on either side by rows of trees, and thimble-shaped sentry boxes, plastered over with gay coloured posters. Past long lines of beautiful shops, in those of the silversmiths a rippling sea of silver, wonderfully contrived out of a thousand spoon bowls. Past great cafés, glittering with plate glass, and filled with a loud chattering crowd of those idlers, who, in this city of miracles, all day long find time to take their ease and spend their money bravely, finding also—the greatest wonder this—the money to spend. Past the entrances to a score of arcades, all bustle and bright colours. Past theatres and churches. Past rows of grand houses, so numerous that, almost directly, we

got into the way of thinking nothing of what, here, in this great, straggling, smoky, over-built, brick and mortar monster of ours, would be a sight for country cousins to take cheap excursion trains and come up and marvel at. A city of five hundred Regent-streets, indeed (!) A city to make as blush for Piccadilly, feel



uneasy about Pall-mall, and wish Trafalgar-square, lions and all, sunk everlastingly into oblivion."

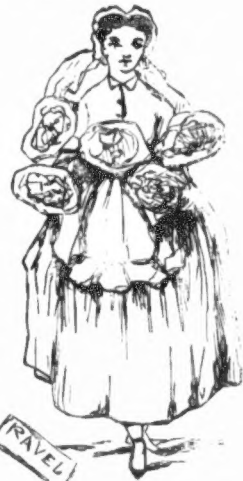
About Theresa the author says:—

"One night, when we were very doubtful how we should obtain amusement, Peplow, who was for ever reading postess upon the walls, of which, as a rule, he could make neither head nor tail, said he had seen something somewhere about Theresa, and, having previously heard something about Theresa in England, he thought we ought to go and hear her sing."

"Says Mrs. Wapshot, 'Is it a fit place for ladies?'"

"Says Peplow, 'Over here, one can do what one likes. However, Bunny will make inquiries.'"

"According to the waiter, the aristocracy attended Theresa's soirées in large numbers; and so we thought we might venture, though Mrs. Wapshot said she trusted it was nothing like the *Traviata*, no note of which improper music could she ever consent to her niece sitting down to listen to. However, we went, and we heard the *Femme à Barbe* and the *Sapeur*, and all applauded most vociferously, and were highly delighted; though why I cannot exactly tell you, for I myself did not understand a word that was said, and Peplow and the ladies were in the profoundest ignorance of what it all meant until I explained—to the best of my ability. I have since asked myself what there was about Theresa which could so amuse a foreigner, who did not comprehend her peculiar language, and whether it were possible to imitate her over here. She is not pretty. She has not a musical voice. She talks slang, screams, doubles her fists, and waves her arms uncouthly. Yet there is no doubt about it, if you do not see Theresa, you miss one of the sights most worth seeing in Paris; and she is wonderfully good, and I, for one



applauded with all my might and main; and am not ashamed to own it."

Here is the landing:—

"But at length we came alongside. Yes, here we were with the Mossuos and Mamselles, and very ugly Mamselles some of them, who, for the nonce, converting themselves into pack-horses, began to tow our boat along into the harbour, whilst the Mossuos, all wrangling shrilly among themselves, superintended the operation."

"Look at the soldiers," cried Peplow, with a true-born Briton's pride in his country's institutions. "Talk of sixpennorth of halfpence, Bunny, eh? And how many of 'em would it take to fill one pair of trousers?"

"Do you know why they wear red ones?" said I, enlarging upon Jack Johnson's remarks to Mr. Ledbury. "It's because ours wears red coats. They go by the rule of contrary, you know. They put their adjectives after the noun, and they say *messieurs et dames*, instead of ladies and gentleman. When they're driving they go to the right instead of to the left, as they ought to do. They drink their champagne at the end of the dinner, instead of the beginning. They pay when they get into a 'bus, instead of when they get out; and they call a pawnbroker my aunt instead of my uncle."

"Well, they're wrong, that's all," said Peplow."

The book is bound in an attractive coloured cover. While on this subject we may mention, for Mr. Ross's information, that he has thought fit to adorn the front figure on the cover with a hat like an attenuated oyster-barrel, and that fashions change in Paris as they do here. Long hats have run their race for the present, and the Boulevards now show only the low crowns.



CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.W.	A.M.	P.M.
21	S.	8 28	3 46
22	M.	4 2	4 19
23	T.	4 31	4 50
24	W.	5 8	5 21
25	T.	5 41	6 4
26	F.	6 26	6 49
27	S.	7 15	7 41

Moon's changes.....Full Moon, 27th day, 2h. 1m. a.m.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the EDITOR, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE REFORM DEBATES.

AFTER fifteen years of discussion in and outside of the House of Commons—after many great contests, in which vacillation, shiftiness, craft, caution, timidity, and audacity have been exemplified, Parliament more nearly approached last week the real business of Reform. Two nights of debate, a few hours of sharp encounters, and a great political question was decided: and Reform, which has been always said to be the child of Radicalism and Whiggism, now appears to have found its guardians amidst the Conservatives and supposed obstructives of politics. To write the history of Reform would be the relation of one of the most curious political stories ever told. In '32 Lord Russell took a prominent part in the passing of the new Reform Bill; after this he proclaimed "finality," giving the world to understand that the waves of progress had come up so high that they were to rise no higher. From that day "Finality Jack" was his name, and little was expected of the man who could enunciate sentiments so cramped and so coupled with sympathies apparently so moderate. At last Lord John, quickened into new life, brought forward a measure of electoral extension, but without avail; and, though he has essayed to wield the *baton* of Reform twice since, he has appeared to cause such dissonance that, instead of creating harmony, he has evidently brought about a conflict, and done much to put the Legislature out of time. Lord John Russell is not to be blamed for this. He worked with ardour, and whatever his motives may have been, he deserves great praise for having stuck to his flag with a zeal and pertinacity doing him great credit. After the Premiership of Lord Russell, we get that of Lord Palmerston. Of all men, few were really more Conservative than the late conciliatory Premier. When asked whether he intended to propose a measure of Reform, very shortly before his death, he answered, "No; because we are not geese." The present parliament came in with an avowed majority of seventy under his Premiership. At his death Lord Russell became the chief of the Government, and Mr. Gladstone his first lieutenant in the Commons. In February of last year the present House, for the first time, met, and then was proposed a measure of Reform. Logically ministers may have been quite right in recognising the necessity of countenancing Reform; but, nevertheless, they were sadly deficient in foresight to force the question upon a House elected under the auspices of a Premier whose natural Conservatism was proverbial. They should, by the force of association, have cemented party ties, and, by the spirit of introspection, discovered the bent and inclination of the minds who had, after all, but nominally given to them their sympathies. To fail to do this was an act of awkward thoughtlessness, unworthy of statesmen or the leaders of a great party. Both Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone should have known that their side had only given fealty to Lord Palmerston, and that in him was represented a compromise. However, regardless of all consequences, they blundered—blundered most disastrously, and, after a succession of catastrophes, the seals of office were resigned, and once more Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli came into power. We recount all this to show how much the errors of Mr. Gladstone in the past have been repeated in the present. Last year, he was indiscreet, bold, and impassioned. This year, as if being schooled by the uses of adversity, he was at first mild, somewhat brief, and tremendously polite. At last he became restive, impulsive, assertive, and dreadfully despotic. A meeting of the party was held at his house, and he stated that Mr. Coleridge would move an instruction to the effect that the House of Commons in Committee have power to amend the law of rating, and also to abolish taxation upon all houses under a £5 rental. Mr. Clay, on this occasion, humbly suggested an alteration in the terms of the motion, suggesting that the latter part regarding fiscal obligations should not be touched upon, and Mr. Gladstone, with a hauteur and temper somewhat unbecoming, told him that he must conduct the business of his party in the way which he thought best. A large portion of the assembled "caucus" make visible their feelings by an ominous silence, and, so far as talking was concerned, Mr. Gladstone had the victory, if one were required, with his own followers. After this, a certain meeting took place in the tea-room of the House of Commons, and forty-eight members decided that they would not follow the lead of their high-handed and eloquent leader; and so it turned out Mr. Coleridge only proposed as an "instruction" the first part of his advice, and quietly changed his front by asking Mr. Disraeli to accept the proposition as to the Government being guided as

to rating by the wishes of Parliament. All that Mr. Coleridge did was in some slight degree to save his dignity, inasmuch as the Chancellor of the Exchequer had over and over again pledged himself to amend the Bill, and therefore, what was done was merely a work of supererogation. Though forty-eight of his own party had gone against him, and though he had allowed the second reading of the Bill to pass, yet Mr. Gladstone was as restive and as indiscreet as ever. And again, he was determined to have another terrible venture. "Nothing venture nothing have," has been indeed his policy. His has been the gambler's luck, and he has ventured all and obtained nothing. Why, in the face of circumstances which had shown themselves so plainly, he could have had the temerity to again try his hand at defeating his adversaries by attempting to bring in really a counter Reform Bill is a mystery which few can understand. Who were his advisers? Surely he must have taken counsel with some of his colleagues. His proposition was actually that, in lieu of all *paying* rates, having votes, all possessing houses rated at £5 and above should possess the franchise, while those tenantry houses below that amount should have no vote. In Mr. Gladstone's proposition there is no principle. Why should men living in £5 houses have greater rights than those renting £1 dwellings? Both Mr. Disraeli's and Mr. Gladstone's propositions are faulty. The former says, "Give every one a vote in boroughs directly paying taxes," but connecting with this a two years' residence, and also the necessity on the part of compound householders to pay the full amount of rates, and not those compounded for by their landlords. Whatever Mr. Roebuck and others may say, the compound householder has, in the first instance, to pay something more for his vote than he would have to pay if he were not to vote. Voting then will, apparently, be to him an expense, whatever may be said to the contrary, and it will seem very much as if he had bought his vote, and therefore, in accordance with the principles of commerce, that he should have the power of selling it. Added to this, Mr. Disraeli says that the £10 householder, and all above him need only one year's residence; while all below him in the payment of house-rent, must be on the register for two years. What principle is there in all this? There is no principle, but a vast amount of Conservatism. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone's amendment was more faulty, because he would have admitted a certain set without giving any reason why others should not be recognised. The strength of the Government position existed in the fact that the Bill itself could, while allowing all those that are rated to possess a vote, be so altered in Committee that a household rating suffrage might be established. Before him Mr. Gladstone had the Adullamite cave, besides the tea-room recalcitrants. This last act of his has done a great harm to his party, and has mournfully impaired his position as a leader. Though it is our desire to vindicate the virtue of a party that has worked enormous good for the nation, nevertheless, we must deplore the course that has been taken by the leader of that party. Eloquence, however impassioned, and diction, however pure, are not as potent as a temperate and accurate gauge of mens minds. Mr. Disraeli contrasts favourably with Mr. Gladstone. The former has shown temper, dignity, conciliation, and discretion. Whatever his innate sentiments may have been, his conduct has evidenced lately a desire to establish a great historic name, and one worthy of a cause pregnant with a large and splendid purpose. Reform, which is interwoven with the life, prosperity, and advancement of our nation has been at last raised and clothed by Conservatism. The bulk of the people may wish that others may have done this business, but yet it is measures, not men, in the present exigency, that we have to welcome. The occasion is one of lasting interest to every citizen of our great community, and is fraught with a magnificence of anticipation which now must not be thwarted. We contemplate the future with much anxiety, and though Reform has passed through one stage, it yet has to enter upon another, of adolescence and after maturity.

The diary of Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln, will soon be given to the public. The greatest curiosity has been excited with regard to that diary, so suddenly brought to the attention of the people by the quarrel between Mr. Bingham and Mr. Butler. The Judiciary Committee have already examined Secretary Stanton and Judge Advocate Holt upon the subject of the alleged "spoliation" of the book. Holt testified that the diary was one of the articles handed to him as having been found upon the body of Booth, and that when he received it eighteen pages were missing. He further testified that the first date in the diary is April 14, the day of the assassination, and that the document begins with an announcement that the writer had prepared and sent to the *National Intelligencer* a full statement of the plot that resulted in the murder of Mr. Lincoln's. The diary consists, for the most part, of an advertisement by Booth of his own virtuous purposes, and of the tyranny of Lincoln. One curious circumstance is, that the communication said to have been sent to the *National Intelligencer* was not received at the office of that journal. The diary will, of course, be read with intense interest by the public, even if it throws no light upon the dark mystery of the assassination. It will show the workings of the mind of Booth after the murder, and betray the desperate efforts of the assassin not only to escape pursuing justice, but the more appalling horror of his own thoughts.

A Detroit paper gives the following statistics of a recent snow storm in the United States. The storm extended over a district of 1,500 miles long and 300 miles wide, and the average depth of the snow was one foot. It estimates the weight of 5 tons to the acre, or 3 200 tons to the square mile, or a grand total of 1,410,000,000 tons of snow, which is ten times the weight of all the wheat grown in the United States since the discovery of America; and this great weight of snow, says the paper, fell in one storm, one vast cloud, and within a period of four days only.

OUR OPERA GLASS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The last great work of Meyerbeer, or, more properly, the last great work of the composer which has been given to the stage, *L'Africaine*, was performed last Saturday evening, for the second time this season. The cast differed in one particular only from that of last year, Signor Cotogni, the new baritone from Italy, being substituted for Signor Graziani in the part of Nelusko, the slave. Mlle. Pauline Lucca, as a matter of course, again impersonated the heroine Selica. In this character certainly the young *artiste* exhibits real genius, if not the most finished art, both in her singing and acting. The performance of Selica, indeed, places Mlle. Lucca in the very first rank of lyric *artistes*, and would have delighted beyond measure Meyerbeer himself, who, although he had selected her as the *prima donna* for his opera in its intended production at Berlin, could only have made a shrewd guess at the talent and powers she betokens in his African Queen. In Selica Mlle. Lucca has made her profoundest impression on the English public. Her powerful voice, passion, and energy appear to fulfil every requirement of the character, and she looks the part to the life. More impressive acting and singing combined than that of Mlle. Lucca in the last scenes, where Selica expires under the shade of the manzanilla tree, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to point to on the modern operatic stage; and the performance of the fair *artiste* on Saturday night lost none of the effect it created last season or in 1865, when Meyerbeer's opera was first produced at Covent-garden. The character of Inez as personified by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, adds greatly to the interest of the performance. The florid song in the opening scene could not have been more brilliantly executed. Signor Naudin, who replaced Herr Wachtel last year as Vasco di Gama, again appeared in the character, of which he was the original representative at the Grand Opera of Paris, in 1865, being especially selected by Meyerbeer himself when the cast was first taken into consideration. Signor Naudin possesses almost every quality demanded for the impersonation of the Portuguese naval commander. The new baritone, Sign. Cotogni, was successful in the part of Nelusko. He is a singer of the pure Italian school of vocalisation, and there is no doubt his talents will be even more appreciated in *Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere*, or *La Gazza Ladra*, than in Meyerbeer's operas. The subordinate parts were well sustained, more especially those of Don Pedro, by Signor Atti, the Grand Inquisitor, by Signor Polonini, and the Great High Priest of Brahma, by Signor Faglieco. The *mise-en-scène*, costumes, appointments, and decorations, with the ever-changing groups and processions of acrobats, priests and priestesses, bayaderes, amazons, soldiers, slaves, guards, followers of Brahma, Vishnu, and other deities, in all the panoply of gorgeous armour, glittering spears, golden shields, and the magnificent and unparalleled variety of the ballets, characterised the representation, as they did last year and the year previously, and rival at least the splendid fittings and surroundings of the *Huguenots*, the *Prophete*, the *Etoile du Nord*, and other productions which have helped to make the renown of the Royal Italian Opera. The admirable way in which the difficulties of the score of *L'Africaine* are attacked and overcome by the orchestra is too well known to need comment. The playing, however, at times suggests the question, "Should an orchestra accompany the voices, or the voices the orchestra?"

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mrs. Scot-Siddons, so highly spoken of by the London press as a reader and reciter, has made her *debut* on the stage of this theatre in the character of Rosalind, and, by so doing, has at once laid claim to the position of a leading actress, if not to that of a great tragedienne, which her enthusiastic and numerous friends would persuade her is her own for merely the asking. Having been led, by the improvident and indiscriminate praise so lavishly bestowed on this young actress, to expect very great things of her, we confess that, after witnessing her performance, we were disappointed. It is a pity that her friends should be so over-zealous in her behalf, as when such very great pretensions are put forward, we are led, in the interests of real dramatic criticism, which is but little more than an empty word as exercised by most of the London papers, to speak the truth more plainly than would perhaps otherwise be necessary. We can only estimate Mrs. Scot-Siddons' powers by her performance in *As you Like it*. If hereafter, in a rôle of a more intense kind, she should prove her possession of greater talent than at present can be discerned in her, we shall be the first to acknowledge it, and none will be more glad than ourselves to welcome the advent of a real tragic star to the English stage. Judged, then, by her Rosalind, Mrs. Scot-Siddons is far from being at present a great or even a very good actress. She is certainly a clever and an agreeable one, and with her handsome face and refined manner, an acquisition to the London stage. If, however, these good qualities are to entitle her to the position of a dramatic genius, then we have for the last two or three years been continually seeing on the London boards, at least one or two young actresses, whose claims, certainly equal to the *debutante's*, have been most unjustly passed over. The height and voice of the new Rosalind are against her, she is very *petite* in her person, and her voice, though pleasant and refined in its natural tones, is wanting in strength, and becomes harsh when raised beyond a conversational pitch. Her gestures, though graceful, are staid to an extraordinary degree, and are far too numerous throughout the piece. In her anxiety to avoid stiffness, and the rigidity that comes over so many of our actors and actresses the moment they are not speaking, she flies to the opposite extreme, and making a great deal too much of her bye play, never allows her figure a moment's repose the whole time she is on the stage. She tries to express too much with her hands, and has adopted all the old-fashioned and exploded tricks of raising them in terror, throwing them back in supplication, and the like. Of course, a certain use of the hands is natural to all persons under the influence of emotion, but there is an abuse as well as a use of everything, and an actress who has a gesture ready manufactured, to express every sentiment she feels, becomes monotonous, and totally prevents one's losing sight of the actress in the character she represents. This habit is accompanied too with another drawback; in such a complex and vivacious part as Rosalind, the sentiments and opinions that chase one another through her mind, and escape at her lips, are so many and so various, that it is impossible to create a new gesture to emphasise the expression of each; and it was curious to observe Rosalind, more than once, utilising the same *pose* to intensify the expression of two totally different sentiments. It is true that at present we cannot see that Mrs. Siddons is a great actress, or indeed, that she will ever be able to lay claim to that very rare distinction. To do so, it is imperative that an actress should possess what, intelligent as she is, we cannot discover in the *debutante*, the fire of genius. But she is decidedly clever, and, as we have said before, refined; and if she will throw overboard her old-fashioned tricks of style, and trust more to her natural impulses, she may easily become what she is not yet, a very good actress. There is one great point in her favour, although staid in her gestures, she is not at all so in her delivery. Instead of following that bad school,

taught by our leading actors, and trusting to what they call elocution, but which is in reality mouthing, she generally speaks much as the character she represents would do in real life, and without degenerating into a rapid and indistinct patter, gives a natural and conversational tone to the pointed, but easily flowing dialogue, which is the chief characteristic of Rosalind. The well-known description of the different paces Time assumes with different persons, and her really charming rendering of the epilogue were the best points in her performance.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

It is stated that Mr. F. B. Chatterton, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, has taken initiatory proceedings to bring an action against Mr. Sims Reeves, for damages for breach of contract, the latter gentleman having declined to appear in the drama of "Rob Roy," for which he was engaged for twelve special representations.

Miss Christine Nilsson, the "new Jenny Lind," will make her first appearance in England during the approaching season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Three new pieces and two burlesques will be produced at the West-end theatres in Easter week—*The Great City*, at Drury Lane; *A Will Goose*, at the Haymarket; and *Idalia* at the St. James's. *Pygmalion*, at the Strand, and *Olympic Games*, at the Olympic.

Mr. Buckstone has re-engaged Mrs. Scott-Siddons for three nights.

The name of the new Haymarket drama, edited by Mr. Boucicault, has been changed from the *Scamp* to *A Will Goose*, another edition of the piece, under the first title, being on the tapis.

Miss Moore is no longer a member of the Haymarket company.

Mr. Clarke replaces Mr. Toole next week in *Lost in London*, the latter actor leaving the Adelphi to fulfil a round of country engagements.

Mr. Honey takes Mr. Clarke's vacant place in Miss Marie Wilton's company.

Miss Glynn will make her re-appearance next month in *Antony and Cleopatra*, at the Princess's Theatre.

The Theatre International, at the Champ de Mars, has announced its opening for the 15th instant.

A company of French actors have gone to Egypt to give performances in every town where there is a theatre.

The opera of *Guillaume Tell* was performed at Madrid on the 20th of March.

Mdlle. Schneider leaves the Variétés; she is engaged at the Chatelet for October.

The celebrated pianist, Schulhoff, is about to marry Madame Meissonnier, widow of the late celebrated music publisher.

The first representation of the *Grande Duchesse* at the Theatre des Variétés, is postponed, on account of the indisposition of M. Dupuis, the principal actor in the piece.

The 100th representation of the *Pirates de la Sarave* was given on Monday last, at the Gaité. Miss Ada Isaacs Menken, who is the chief attraction, leaves this theatre on the 22nd instant, for an engagement at Vienna.

On Wednesday, at the Theatre Lyrique, was read the three-act opera of M.M. Cormon, Trianon, and Jules Cohen, *Les Bleuettes*. The following is the distribution of the parts:—Estelle, Mdlle. Nilsson; Dorothee, Mdlle. Tual; Dinarda, Mdlle. Duclos; Fabio, M. —; Mengo, M. Troy; Le Roi, M. Ismael.

On Monday evening last took place at the Odeon the first representation of M. Paul Maurice's live-act comedy *La Vie Nouvelle*, which met with fair success, although the piece is not a true picture of every-day life, but touches rather too much on the romantic. The theme is the reinstating of a man ruined and degraded by woman.

SOCIETY: Its Facts and its Rumours.

The Prince of Wales will visit the Lakes of Killarney this summer.

The Prince of Wales has been pleased to become Commodore of the Canoe Club.

His Majesty the King of Denmark has returned to Copenhagen. The Queen of Denmark remains with her daughter.

Her Majesty the Queen is expected to visit the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, at Floors Castle, in the month of August or early in September.

Lady Emily Peel has been safely delivered of a son and heir to the name of Sir Robert Peel.

The accident which befell Colonel Taylor, M.P., on Friday, arose while the hon. and gallant gentleman was opening a soda-water bottle. The cork flew out and hit him in the ball of the eye, inflicting great pain & injury, which, however, is only likely to be temporary.

The tenth anniversary of the birth of Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice was announced early by the ringing of bells from the Curfew Tower of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church, Windsor. This event having fallen on a Sunday, the further customary rejoicings were deferred till next day.

Her Majesty the Queen has presented to the 2nd Life Guards, through Colonel Marshall, a magnificent cream-coloured Hanoverian horse, to be ridden in front of the band of the regiment by the celebrated kettle-drummer, Corporal-Major Woodhouse. This fine animal stands 15½ hands high, is six years old, and was brought from the Hampton Court stables. This Royal compliment to the regiment is highly appreciated both by officers and men.

Sir W. Bagge, Bart., M.P., who has recently been created a baronet, was presented with an address of congratulation on Saturday, on returning to his seat at Stradsett, Norfolk. The hon. baronet, although a warm politician, is much respected in the county. Sir W. Bagge was returned for West Norfolk, in the Conservative interest in 1841, and again in 1847 and 1852. He retired from parliament at the dissolution in 1857, but in July, 1865, he was again returned for his old constituency.

LONDON GOSSIP.

Purnell's *Literature and its Professors* has been re-printed in America.

More than 50 bakers were fined at the Dorchester Divisional Petty Sessions on Saturday for selling short weight bread.

Mr. Thomas Vardon, for nearly forty years librarian at the House of Commons, expired on Friday morning.

Last week three suicides and two murders were reported to have been committed by insane persons at large.

Canoeing is becoming more and more fashionable. A new club is in course of formation at Putney, and during the season several canoe matches are talked of.

The cavalry troops stationed at Canterbury are under orders to march on Dover to assist at the Volunteer Review to be held on Easter Monday.

We have good authority for stating that Sir R. Collier will move an address to the Crown in Toomer's case if no other redress can be obtained.

It is said that the Marquis of Westminster advanced 50,000*l.* for the new paper *The Day*, and is joint promoter with Alderman Allen.

It is stated that the Irish Government have under consideration the propriety of increasing the superannuation allowance to the officers and men of the Irish constabulary.

We hear that Mr. Bohem, the celebrated sculptor, sends seven works to the Royal Academy this year, including among the number a *chef d'œuvre* entitled "A Horse in Terror."

It is said that the Jamaica Committee have resolved to prosecute Mr. Eyre for misdemeanor, under the provisions of the Colonial Governors Act.

Emigration threatens to assume this year as gigantic proportions as ever. No less than 700 young men and women left Queenstown on Wednesday week for New York.

Mr. Millais, R.A., sends four pictures to the Exhibition this year; the first entitled "Jephtha's Daughter," the second "The Minuet," and a couple of *pendants*—"Sleeping" and "Waking."

It is said that Sir George Bowyer's recent speech on Reform has given offence to a number of his constituents at Dundalk, and that, consequently, he will be opposed at the next election.

The finest race ever rowed in light boats came off on Saturday last between the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Clubs, and was again won by the "dark blue." In the evening the crews dined together at Willis's Rooms, as usual.

Mr. Eyre has received several substantial offers of pecuniary assistance to enable him to commence an action for malicious prosecution against the Jamaica Committee. The offers have however, been courteously but decisively refused.

The demolition of Doctor's-common has commenced, and the ancient Court of Admiralty and the places where the Ecclesiastical Courts were held will be shortly cleared for the formation of the new street from Blackfriars to the Mansion-house.

The weekly Reform meetings in Trafalgar-square are getting gradually more insignificant. Last Monday evening, not more than 300 people were present, and they were left by the beneficent Beales to the presidential care of Colonel Dickson.

The exhibition of pictures and other works of art at the Royal Institution at Manchester, will be opened as soon as the exhibition of the Royal Academy closes; the last day for the forwarding of contributions is fixed for the 17th of August.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Thomas William Hensley, of Nantwich in the county of Chester, gentleman, to be a commissioner to administer oaths in the High Court of Chancery in England.

The Cheshire magistrates have resolved, by thirteen to nine, to appoint a Roman Catholic minister at the House of Correction at Knutsford, at a salary of £40 per annum. The appointment is to be made at the next sessions.

A Conservative banquet, in connection with the Local Working Men's Association, is to be given in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, on the 25th inst., several influential members of Parliament having intimated their intention to be present on the occasion.

The committee of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum have just received from Captain Goddard, of the ship *La Hogue*, the sum of sixty guineas, being the proceeds of two bizzars held on board that vessel during her late voyages to and from Sydney.

The President of the Royal Society held his second conversations on Saturday night, at Burlington-house. Piccadilly. There was a large attendance of the leading members of the scientific and literary societies of the metropolis, as well as of fellows of the institution.

It is stated that the Irish Liberal members have come to the resolution that the voting papers clause in the English Reform Bill is one which demands their opposition in order that there may be no precedent for such a scheme when the Irish Bill comes on for consideration.

The Dean of St. Paul's has promised to preside at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on the 15th of May. Mr. Anthony Trollope will take the chair at the anniversary festival of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 18th of May.

We notice in the telegraphic despatches which we have just received from India that the death of Colonel William Pitt Macdonald, Military Paymaster at Madras, is announced. It may not be generally known that this gentleman was the last surviving grandson of the celebrated Flora Macdonald.

The Committee of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, Devonshire-square, City, have just received advice of the following legacies to that deserving institution:—By Miss Mary Clarke Dickson, late of Denmark-road, Camberwell, £200; and by Mrs. Tildeley De Bosset, late of Holles-street, Cavendish-square, £500.

It is not improbable that owing to the disasters which have attended his generalship of the Opposition, Mr. Gladstone will surrender the lead to some one better able to conciliate the Liberal party. At present there is anything but unanimity among his followers, as Friday night's division indubitably shows.

Mr. Edward Whympers, the Matterhorn Climber, and Mr. John Brown, the Rocky mountain botanist, have started this week from Copenhagen on a tour through the interior of Greenland. This expedition has been organised solely in the interests of science, and its expenses are to be defrayed from private sources.

The south side of the metropolis is not to have a monopoly of infamy on the score of false weights and measures. A special session was held at Clerkenwell on Saturday, when twenty-four tradesmen of the respectable and religious districts of Islington, Kingsland, Newington, &c., were convicted of this offence, which comprised all the villany of theft with all the meanness of hypocrisy.

The abstract of accounts accompanying the report of the Nightingale fund for the support of a school for hospital nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital, and another for midwifery nurses at King's College Hospital, shows that the receipts for 18 months, from 24th June, 1865, to 25th Dec., 1866, were £3,068 0*s.* 6*d.*, and that a balance of £275 10*s.* 7*d.* remained in the hands of the treasurer.

The fund which was to be raised to provide a hospitable reception for the Belgian volunteers who are shortly expected over here, is, we are told, not forthcoming. The fact is, volunteer enthusiasm has been found a slightly too expensive article of late. If it is important to receive the Belgians with national warmth on political grounds, the Government must be asked to find the money.

"General" Massey, the Fenian leader who, it will be remembered, fainted away when he was arrested at the Limerick Junction, has turned Queen's evidence; and it is said that his testimony has assisted materially in establishing "true bills" against the prisoners charged with high treason at Dublin. His evidence in open court is looked forward to with the greatest interest, as affording a complete *exposé* of the Fenian scheme and intentions.

The bill in the case of Col. Nelson and Lieut. Brand was presented to the grand jury on Thursday morning, and the whole of the witnesses that were bound over were examined in support of the charge.—The grand jury, after deliberating for half an hour, came into court and announced that they returned both bills "not found." The moment the result was made known there was a burst of applause in the court, but it was of course at once repressed by the officers in attendance.

Mr. Rigby Wason, whose petition, presented early in February to the House of Lords by Earl Russell, excited so much surprise and indignation, applied at the Guildhall on Saturday for a summons against the *Times* for publishing a report of what Earl Russell said on that occasion. The petition, it will be recollected, was a personal attack upon the Lord Chancellor and Lord St. Leonards, in reference to the appointment of Sir Fitzroy Kelly to the office of Lord Chief Baron. Alderman Sydney declined to grant a summons.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

M. de Grammont, the French ambassador at Vienna, has arrived in Paris.

Lord Napier has returned to Madras from a visit to the Viceroy at Calcutta.

It is said that the monetary system of Greece is to be assimilated to that of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy.

The exhibition of the paintings of living artists opened on the 15th inst. in the Palais des Champs Elysees.

Emile de Girardin's newspaper, *La Liberte*, has just been prohibited from being sold in the streets.

M. Schneider, the new president of the Corps Legislatif, gave his inauguration dinner on Thursday last.

General Strogmow has arrived in Rome, for the purpose of re-establishing diplomatic relations between the sacred city and Russia.

The *Moniteur Industriel*, after valiantly championing Protection in France for years, has been converted to Free Trade principles.

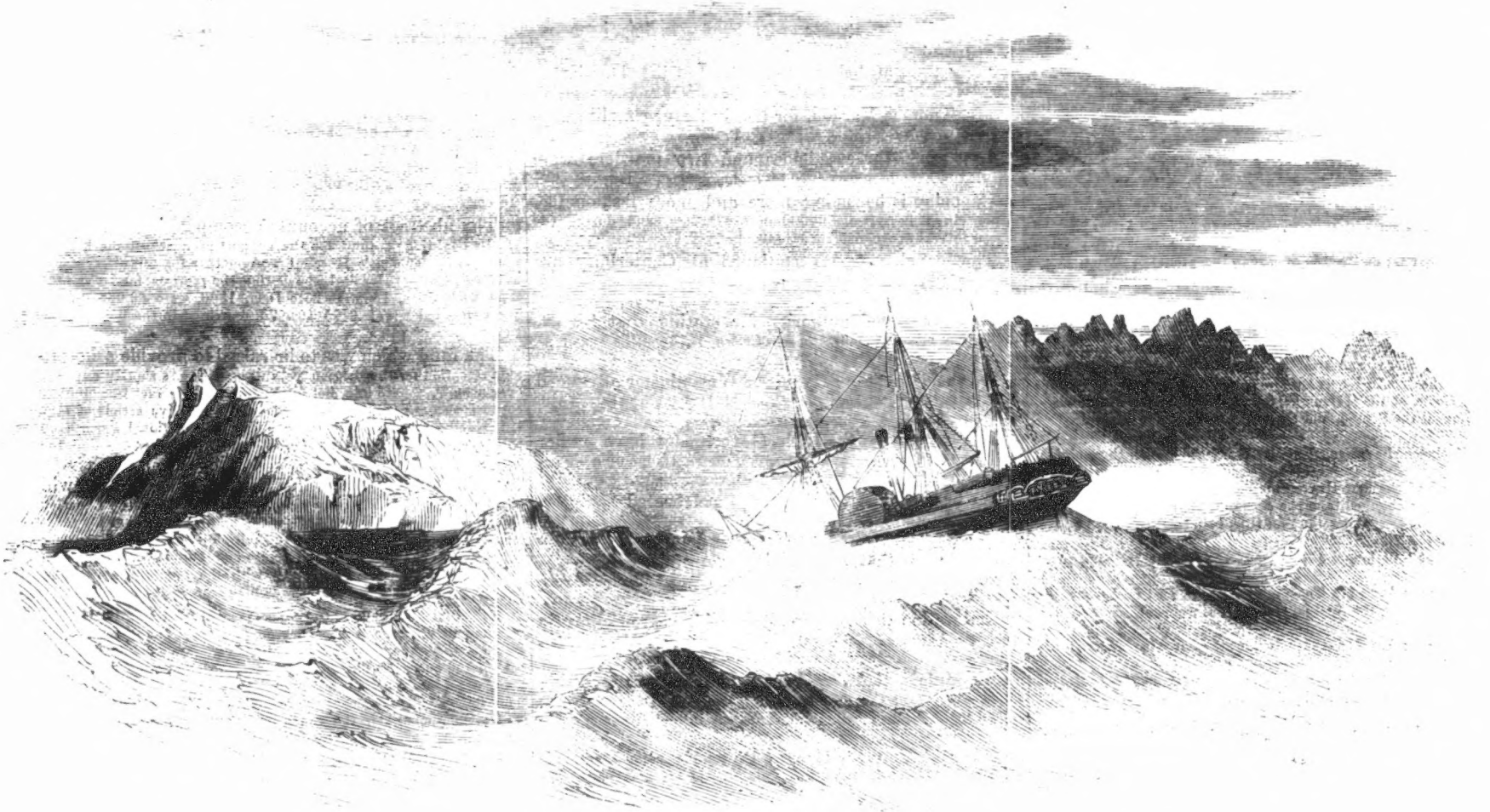
The affluence of visitors to the Great Exhibition on Monday last was not nearly so great as was expected for the first one-franc day of the season.

A fire occurred on the night of the 21st ult. in the madhouse at Nijni-Novgorod (Russia), which caused the death of four of the unfortunate patients. In the midst of the most frightful tumult and disorder the superintendent behaved with the greatest coolness and bravery, saving many of the inmates at the risk of his own life. The fire broke out in the padded room, used for refractory patients, though no one was confined there at the time.

A specimen of those carillons heard in Antwerp and other cities in Belgium is about to be exhibited in the Champ de Mars, previous to being placed in the tower of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Four years have been spent in the manufacture of this set of chimes, which is very complicated, though it will be managed very easily, the performer being enabled to play any tune upon it as easily as upon any ordinary pianoforte. There will be forty-two bells, so that every variety of tone may be produced.

One of the defendants in a case recently decided in San Francisco forfeited his bail, and skedaddled, leaving his counsel in the lurch. But that did not trouble the counsel, who gave cause for his absence in the following style:—"Let the waves of public opinion rage, roll, and roar, I will not desert my client, even if he deserts me. Sir-r-r, I presume that he is one of those men who prefer basking in the sunny slopes of the Sierra Nevada to languishing in the cells of the Bastille at St. Quentin. Sir-r-r, these defendants are Irishmen. The blood of their countrymen has been on every battlefield." At this point the counsel seemed to have got beyond his depth, for he suddenly subsided.

Last week the son of the Russian Ambassador, Baron de Bulberg, met with a frightful accident while riding along one of the side alleys of the Bois. He was cantering, when the fore feet of his horse became entangled in a net used by the foresters for the capture of strayed deer, and, unfortunately, dropped on the road. M. de Bulberg was pitched head foremost on the kerbstone at the angle of the avenue, and carried in a state of insensibility to the hotel of M. Casimir Perier, at the top of the Champs Elysees. His mother, the Baroness, was instantly sent for, and reached the hotel at twelve o'clock, and a few minutes later Nélaton arrived, and immediately pronounced the case to be hopeless, a violent congestion of the brain having resulted from the fall.



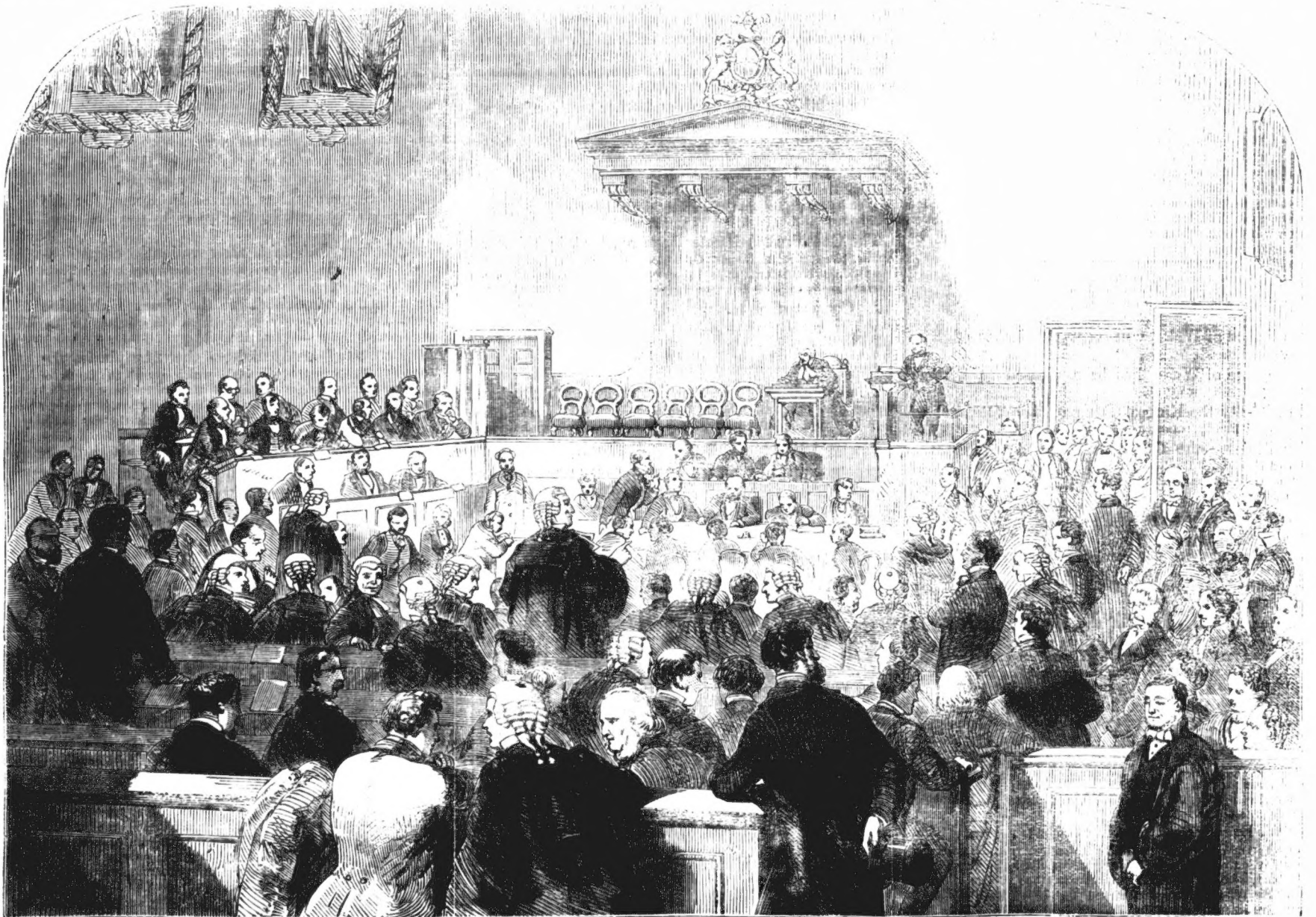
THE RECENT GALES—NARROW ESCAPE OF A STEAMER IN THE CHANNEL. (See Page 174).

INTERIOR OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, GUILDHALL.

WHEN we read of important cases in the Court of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, and the Court of Exchequer, at Guildhall, we are apt to associate them with imposing-looking rooms or courts, whereas they are too often mean in the extreme, as our illustration on page 168 will at once show. As you enter Guildhall, the build-

ing on the left is the part where the ordinary magisterial business of that part of the city which lies west of King-street is conducted; the other, or eastern portion, forming the business of the justice-room at the Mansion House, where the Mayor presides. The building opposite, on the right, contains the Court of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, and the Court of Exchequer, in which the judges from the courts of Westminster hold their sittings during certain

days of each term, and have done so from time immemorial. The city receives 3s. 6d. for each verdict for the use of the buildings provided. The chilliness and bareness of the walls of the courts are only relieved by the portraits of some of the old judges. Lely was to have painted them, but was too great to attend to the respective judges at their chambers, so the work was placed in the hands of Michael Wright, a Scotchman, who painted them for £60 each.



INTERIOR OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, GUILDHALL.

THE FENIANS.

GENERAL GODFREY MASSEY, the distinguished promoter of the Fenian conspiracy, has, it is said, given his entire confidence to the authorities. After his arrest he began to give indications of being most communicative to the prison officials, and, as time rolled on, he determined on making "a clean burst of it." On having received positive assurance of Government protection and patronage, he revealed all the plans and intended "moves" of "the Brotherhood" at home and abroad. He was removed to comfortable quarters, and all his creature comforts were most generously provided for. He gave very voluminous evidence before the grand

FRENCH SAPPERS AND MINERS.

Visitors to the French capital will be somewhat astonished at first at the number of soldiers which they will meet on their tours through and around Paris. For the most part, being smaller in stature to those of our own country, whom they have been in the habit of meeting in London, they will not contrast favourably with the majority of English regiments. Still, there are some fine bodies among the French military ranks, and the Sappers and Miners are an excellent example, as will be admitted on reference to our illustration below. They are a strong, hardy class of men, and inured to fatigue, as they are kept well in practice, even in times

A STREET IN BAKTCHI-SERAI.

This place derives its name from the palace of the gardens, though, from its appearance, as shown in our illustration on page 164, it is now shorn of much of its former beauty. It is a town of Russia in Europe in the Crimea, and was at one time the capital and residence of the Khan. Dr. Clarke styles it one of the most extraordinary towns in Europe:—First, in the novelty of its manners and customs—these are strictly oriental, and betray nothing of a European character; secondly, in the site of the town itself, occupying the craggy sides of a prodigious natural fosse between two high mountains, somewhat resembling Mafeking in Derby-



FRENCH SAPPERS AND MINERS.

jury of the county a few days since, and was the means by which true bills were found against a number of the Fenian prisoners charged with high treason. It is said that the evidence of the general at the forthcoming Special Commission will be most surprising, and furnish a lesson to the dupes and fools who permitted themselves to be lured to destruction by designing knaves and reckless adventurers, who seek to promote their own interests by playing a little game of treason. Massey, it will be recollected, was arrested at the Limerick Junction, by Colonel Brownrigg, of the constabulary, and immediately fainted away, continuing in a swoon for several minutes.

of peace, in all the labourers' work of throwing up entrenchments, levelling, &c. In time of war they are, perhaps, the most serviceable arm of the French military force.

At the recent reception of M. Cuvillier, as a member of the French Academy, a somewhat alarming incident took place, General Changarnier, who was occupying one of the central benches, suddenly fell back in his seat, and was carried out of the hall senseless. Fortunately M. Nisard was shortly after enabled to announce that the general had only fainted.

shire. It suffered a good deal after its first occupation by the Russians; but latterly it has improved. It is principally occupied by Tartars.

The destination of Omar Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, has been changed. He left on Saturday for Crete with two war steamers and 1,500 picked men, with orders to strike a decisive blow at the insurrection. When his mission in Crete is accomplished, he will proceed to take the command of the Turkish army on the Greek frontiers.

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Second.
A WHITE HAND AT WORK.

CHAPTER VIII.—A NIGHT FULL OF NIGHT-MARES.

LOCKED OUT!

Yes, there could be no doubt of it. Until some one within the house opened the door in the morning, there was no hope of gaining admittance. Again and again the young girl leant against the panel, and, with all her little strength, strove to force an entrance. She might as well have tried to push the house down.

There was only one way of getting in, and that was to knock or ring, and she dare not do either. Locked out, then, till the morning. What was to become of her?

She turned round and gazed despairingly in the direction that Jack Jeffcoat's cab had taken when he left her. At was quiet now. The sound of the wheels had long since died away, and no other sounds were at the moment to be heard. It seemed almost as though all the rest of the world had gone to bed and gone to sleep, and only she was left awake to watch for daylight.

What was to become of her? She shivered in the night air, as she stood there, without the closed door, trembling, and crept closer within the shadow of the doorway. It seemed to her that she was safer here than anywhere else, and she had a vague notion that she would stop where she was until the morning. It was so dark and lonely nobody would be likely to see her. She would sit down in a corner and close her eyes, and try to fall asleep.

But scarcely was she settled there when, in the distance, she heard heavy footsteps approaching. They came onwards slowly, with a steady and regular tramp—tramp. It must be a policeman, and now he was rounding the corner, and, in another minute, would be by her side.

"What will he think of me?" she asked herself. "What shall I do? If I am still sitting here when he comes round he will speak to me, perhaps, and then—what shall I say?"

These were such difficult questions to answer, and filled her with such dread, that her first instinct was to run away. But where was she to run to? No, on second thoughts she would stand up by the door, and pretend that she had just knocked. He would hardly notice her then, but pass on. How long would he be before he came round again? She had no distinct idea, but she supposed it would be a long while, several hours, perhaps, and that she could safely wait there until then.

This resolution formed, she raised her hand to the knocker, and only withdrew it when the policeman was close beside her. He passed slowly by as she stood there, and stared at her with a sort of dull curiosity, she keeping her face averted the while, and listening eagerly to his retreating footsteps.

But suddenly they ceased. About four or five houses away; he had come to a standstill, and stood staring back at her. When he found that she did not get in, she thought, he would return to inquire the reason. What could she do under those circumstances? In a tremble she waited and watched him slyly. Then she saw him turn, and hastily descending the steps, she hurried away before he could reach the spot.

Having turned the street corner, she stood still to listen, and heard, to her great relief, the sound of the policeman's footsteps growing fainter and fainter in the far distance. After a time they were wholly inaudible, and she thought that she might safely venture back again to the doorstep. Here she re-seated herself, gathered the shawl she wore closer round her, and once more closed her eyes.

She had for the first moment some wild notion of going to sleep; but, even had she dared to do so, it would have been impossible. Scarcely were her eyes closed than there were again footsteps audible rounding the corner. This time a woman came past, turned her head to look at the girl, half-stopped, seemed to think better of it, and hurried on. Next there was heard a halting and uncertain step in the adjoining street, which every now and then stopped altogether, and then went on again at a run. Presently the owner of these vacillating legs came into sight, and proved to be a short, stout gentleman, with a hat very much on one side of a bald head, fringed with grey hair. There was a lamp-post at the corner, the light of which fell upon him as he leant against a house-side opposite to it, and, seized with a sudden idea that he ought to know what time it was, began to haul his watch out of his fob, and, having hauled it out, fell back gasping.

It was not clearly apparent to the young girl looking on, nor indeed, would it, in all probability, have been so to anyone else who might have been a witness of this little scene, why the stout gentleman should here have burst out laughing, and slapped the watch he held in his left hand playfully with his right; or, perhaps, why he should then have frowned and shaken his head at it. But these operations performed, for reasons best known to himself, it was not surprising that he should wish to put his watch away again.

To pull a watch from a fob, and to replace it in a fob, are, however, two wholly different matters; and the stout gentleman, after struggling wildly with the difficulties presented by three waistcoats and a double-breasted overcoat, all by turns interposing themselves between his hand and the entrance to the receptacle of which he was in search, gave up the notion in favour of an imaginary breast-pocket, in quest of which he many times dived unavailingly. The fact of there being no pockets in his waistcoats, and not sufficient dependance to be placed in those in his coat-tails, left him presently with no alternative but to carry the watch in his hand, at which ridiculous circumstance, laughing heartily, he took an aim at, and dodged the lamp-post with much cleverness, and went staggering away in the distance.

Again the square was dark and silent, and the girl, drawing her shawl still closer round her, and striving, though with but small success, to shelter herself from the wind by the door-post against which she leant, tried to make her mind up to be patient. A neighbouring church clock began to strike during this period of quiet, and she listened eagerly. It struck one. She had then only been waiting as yet for half an hour. She recollected hearing the same clock chiming the half hour when she first turned the key in the lock.

Nothing now occurred for a few moments, and the dread weariness of the long vigil to come seemed to weigh upon and oppress her painfully. What could she do to while away the time? Though she knew she was in reality safest when alone, the silence and

loneliness of the scene terrified her so much, she felt that it would be almost an utter impossibility to endure its burthen throughout the remainder of the night.

There came, however, before long, another break in the monotony of her watch, in the form of a jovial chorus, some two streets off, gradually approaching, accompanied by the tramp of several feet, the feet of the singers—walking several a-breast and arm-in-arm—as it is the custom of chorus-singers to walk when returning homewards from the jovial board. The noise growing louder and nearer, the singers had soon burst into sight, and had turned the corner six strong, and all howling at the top of their voices. In great fear of this roystering crew, the young girl shrank back and watched them tremblingly.

But they did not look in her direction. They came to a halt, for one had something to say of so important a character that it was necessary, not only to suspend the harmony, but to stop the march until it should be said. This something, whatever it might be, only half heard, was broken into by a gabble of five tongues at once, each striving to drown the rest. Then came a serious monologue from one who seemed to be the wise man of the party, then more gabbling, then a joke from the recognised humourist, and then all went on again singing as before, the whole affair being wholly unintelligible to the young listener, and as soon forgotten, its recollection, however, at some future time, perhaps, to return, as we may see, with many other strange visions this night full of night-mares furnished her with.

Presently—almost before the chorus had died away—there came again the steady tramp of the policeman's boots, and his thick-set figure loomed through the darkness, the gas-light glimmering fitfully upon his hat and oilskin cape. This time she did not move as he approached, and he stopped when he came to the doorstep, and looked at her silently.

She was sitting upright, her hands crossed in her lap; her ordinarily pale face, somewhat paler than usual—so pale, indeed, in the policeman's notion, that he hastily turned his bull's-eye upon it, and asked with somewhat of a frightened sharpness—

"What's the matter? What are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Jane, timidly; "I've only been locked out."

"Only locked out, eh?" returned the policeman. "Quite enough, too, for one while, I should think. Can't you make them hear? Shall I try?"

He made as though he would have taken the knocker as he spoke, but she caught at his hand and stayed it, half-way raised.

"No, no, you mustn't do that. I do not want to wake them. Do not knock—please don't."

"What do you want, then?" he asked, in some surprise. You know, I suppose. If so, it's all right. But you can't want to sit on the door-step all night, I should think. Do you?"

"Yes, if you do not mind," replied Jane, meekly. "I would much rather wait till they get up."

At this answer the policeman grinned grimly.

"You can't quite do that," he said. "It's rather against our rules. How came you to get locked out? who were you with? and why not go back to them? Won't they give you a night's lodging?"

"No, no, I would much rather stay."

"Most likely!" smiling more grimly this time. "I'm sorry you can't, though. But you can't. Besides, the tale ain't altogether too likely. Come, you must move on now, as sharp as you choose."

Too frightened to venture upon any further remonstrance, Jane rose to her feet and moved away without another word. She had, it is true, the intention of turning back presently, when the coast should be clear, and resuming her old place; but, perhaps, he thought that this was what she would do, for he only made a feint of going round the corner, and there lay in wait, peeping, to return in a few moments and surprise her half-way back again.

Turning at the sound of his angry voice, she this time fled without attempting to look any more in his direction, and, hurrying onward by half a score of twists and turnings reached Leicester-square, then hurried towards the westward.

The policeman's words had given her an idea. She would go to Piccadilly, and have a look at the outside of Jack Jeffcoat's house. Of course she knew the number. She had a hundred times and more read the card he had given her, on which was engraved his name and address, and had often longed to know whereabouts the house was situated, and what its exterior was like. She knew little enough about London, except a few of the principal streets, among which was Piccadilly, so there was no occasion for her to inquire the way, indeed, had she had to have done so, she would probably never have reached her destination; she was, and not altogether without cause, so frightened of coming in contact with such night wanderers as crossed her path at rare intervals in the deserted streets.

When she had passed Leicester-square she came upon a region of brightly lighted fish-shops, cigar-shops, and public-houses, round about which was an unaccountable assemblage of noisy people, who seemed as though they had quite forgotten there were any beds in the world, and through which she made her way as rapidly as possible, and only breathed again when she was once more alone in the darkness beyond.

Before long she found a number on one of the houses which she could make out by the aid of the gas-light, and presently another and another, and so, counting the doors, came at last to a bow-windowed house, which proved to be the one she was in search of. All here was dark except a faint light glimmering in one of the upper windows. She fancied, though for no reason she could have given, that the light was burning in Jack's room, and she gazed up at it with a wistful face and smile.

"He does not think that I am so near," she said, half aloud. "I wonder if he's thinking of me?"

Supposing that the person in the room with the lighted blind were really Jack Jeffcoat, and he was thinking of her, it is to be supposed that he either preferred to continue his reflections in the dark, or that he had done reflecting and wanted to go to sleep, for the candle was at this juncture extinguished, and the girl turned away with a sigh.

A few houses off the one in front of which she had been standing, there was a great twinkling of lights—a gathering of carriage lamps and lanterns—in front of one of the Piccadilly mansions, the owners of which were giving a ball. A select company of tag-rag, bob-tail, and what not, had gathered on either side of the doorway, and had stood there with praiseworthy perseverance an hour or two watching the fine company go in and come out. She took her place among these threadbare outsiders of society, and watched also with deep interest.

The windows of the house were all brightly illuminated; the faint shadow of dancers flitted to and fro, and the sounds of some delightful melody floated towards her on the night air. Then the street-door opened, and a servant in gorgeous livery came running out, calling loudly for the carriage of a Lord, whose name dropped from mouth to mouth until it became but a dull

rumble in the distance, out of which presently came two grey horses, plunging and snorting, and two carriage lamps glaring like small suns, and many hoarse "hi-hi's" and "stand back there's" addressed by the driver to the little crowd of quiet, shabby people huddled together, eager for a peep at greatness.

A good stare was ere long obtainable, when the door again opening a great-headed gentleman, supposed to be my lord, came forth, with one lady upon his arm, another lady following, handed both into the carriage, and got in himself, leaving behind them a faint perfume and a dreary sense of blankness, not much relieved by the slamming-to of the street-door in the faces of the poor spectators. They, however, murmured not, but settled themselves, contentedly, to all appearances, to await the next event, and Jane, in a corner she had slipped into, stood quietly among them.

In a few moments the door was again opened, another name called from mouth to mouth, another carriage summoned to receive another little procession from the halls of dazzling light, which passed the threadbare ones with a closer gathering together of silken skirts, and hastily placed a glass barrier between it and the eager faces. The little crowd seemed by no means sated with the show, when several more of these parties had passed by, and it was difficult to form a notion of their opinion of what had been provided for their entertainment.

What do ragged people in the gutter think of richly-dressed people sailing by upon the pavement? There may be heart-burnings among the shabby-genteel, striving desperately to put the best appearance on ragged ends and frayed edges; but your bred and born beggar woman probably feels no sentiment but one half of pity half of contempt for fine frocks, and their wearers. At any rate you may prove for yourself the truth of this any day you like among men. You will find that a party of costermongers, lounging at a street corner on a Sunday, have no eyes for any but their class, and while Mr. Poole's best cuts would pass unheeded, a fancy vest from a Houndsditch slop-shop would draw forth admiring exclamations and attracts all eyes.

Jane soon wearied by watching the departing company. Somehow a feeling of vengeful hate was gathering in her heart, like the brewing of a storm, and the sounds of the music within but augmented it. What did they mean, these people, by being rich and happy, and passing her by contemptuously as they swept out to their carriages.

Some day, she thought, it would be her turn, and, as she stood there, elbowing by ragged wretches on all sides, she was picturing to herself how she should look when that time came, coming down endless flights of marble steps in a velvet train, which fell after her in rich folds like a black sea rolling down upon her heels.

She forced her way out from the little crowd, unable any longer to endure these thoughts oppressing her, and hurried onwards, scarcely knowing where. But a man passing her, and speaking to another, said, "It's close on three, isn't it?"

"It's just gone. We must step out."

Only three o'clock. What was she to do until six, when Charity would be stirring? She had in her pocket two or three shillings, and was wondering whether that would be sufficient to get a bed, her object not to go to sleep, but to find some shelter somewhere for an hour or two, until it was time to venture home.

Suppose she tried. With this idea she retraced her steps, and walked along Piccadilly, and passed the strange region of lighted fish shops she had passed through before, where there yet lingered some remains of the crowd she had seen last time, who had all the look of having sat up for ever, like so many profligate wandering Jews.

Not far away from here she came upon a coffee-house, upon the window of which was written "beds" in gigantic capitals, each letter having a pane to itself; but there was such a clamour of voices within, which burst out louder, as it were, in angry gusts, as a swinging door every now and then slammed to and fro, that she was afraid to enter.

She stood without, listening timidly to the noise, unable to summon up courage to peep in, and counted over her shillings in her hand at a spot where the light poured brightly out through a rent in the red window curtain. While thus occupied, a shuffling footstep, unheeded by her, approached from the entrance of a dark court at the back.

The shuffling step came from the oldest, most battered, and woe-begone of cloth boots, burst at the sides, and thickly bespattered with mud. Above the boots was what might excusably have been mistaken for a bundle of rags, without shape; but, as it drew nearer to the light, something much like a monkey's face, but, in reality, that of a woman, with straggling grey hair, overhanging blood-shot eyes, appeared from among the rags and tatters, mouth-ling and jabbering unintelligibly.

The glitter of the silver in the girl's hand attracted the notice of this creeping thing, which stopped suddenly in the shadow, and watched the counting of the money greedily; then, creeping forward, whined out a piteous prayer for alms, stretching forth a skinny hand to receive the expected gift; but Jane drew back with terror and disgust, saying—

"What do you want? Leave me alone."

"I shan't hurt you, deary," said the horrible object, more horrible still now than it was, twisting its monkey's face into a ghastly smile. "You've a little sixpence you're going to give me for good luck, that's all."

"No, I have none to spare," replied Jane, drawing back.

"What, not a little sixpence?" urged the other. "Only a little sixpence—a very little one. Come, deary, search your other pocket."

"Go away, please," said the young girl. "I have told you I will not give you anything." And, as she spoke, she moved off with the intention of making her escape.

Before, however, she had time to get six feet from the spot, the hag had clutched her by the arm, and, quick as lightning, wrenched the money out of her hand. Then ere she had time to cry out, or presence of mind sufficient to know what course to take, she was alone, and the rags and burst boots had been again swallowed up in the dark entry from which, much like a spider coming out of its web, they had emerged to return again when the victim had been caught.

Not caring to stop longer in this dreadful place after so unpleasant an adventure, Jane lost no time in getting out of the court into a broader thoroughfare, and made her way towards Soho.

She was, by this time, dreadfully weary, and chilled to the bone, and yet there was little short of three hours to be somehow got through before she dare present herself at Lady Lida's house. It was not, then, her intention to knock and demand admittance, owning, at the same time, to her long absence. She had concocted a little scheme, by which she hoped to get out of the unpleasant scrape in which she found herself placed. She was to wait until about half-past six, then knock at the door, and, when Charity opened it, walk in, as a matter of course, pretending that she had been out a few minutes before, having taken a fancy for an early walk. It was rather a poor little plot this, but she had every confidence in its success, if properly managed.

But between this hour and that there was much weary time to be passed, and the daylight made the task far more difficult than it had been in the darkness. Indeed, what was she to do? Where was she to hide herself? where rest until the moment arrived? Yet, somehow, she must live out the time; and she lived it out. Ah, with what misery! Had she only known what would have been the punishment of her escapade, she would not have looked forward with such eagerness to that dearly purchased glimpse of Fairy Land.

The daylight widened over the naked streets. The hopeful birds chirped among the smoky foliage of the square. The early toilers were tramping gloomily upon their way to work. The loafers and waifs and strays were crawling still further out of sight, as noise-some reptiles crawl away upon the approach of light. The coffee-stalls, at street corners, were driving a busy trade, and before more than one of them a forlorn, outcast dog stood silent and pensive, licking his lips, but afraid to venture too near for fear of the iron-bound heels of rough customers, there breakfasting.

The whole aspect of the town seemed strangely altered in this silent hour, and pale, grey light, and some of the streets, into which she wandered, on the north of Oxford-street, were so cold and ghostly, and hopelessly uninviting, her heart failed her as she looked down the long vista of dead house fronts, unrelieved by one single sign of human life. When would the hours come to an end? There were two more hours to wait. There was one more hour to wait. Then half an hour. No, that proved to be a mistake in a clock—three quarters of an hour. Now half an hour. Now an interminable twenty minutes. And now the time had come. She was in the street and on the doorstep of Lady Lad's house.

How does the doomed man feel who must let fall his handkerchief to give the signal for the deadly fire? Her hand was raised, but she withdrew it again, afraid to knock. They would be certain to know, from her agitation, that the story she told of the morning walk was untrue.

Suppose she were to delay the fatal moment for a few minutes longer—until she calmed her agitation—until she would meet Charity with a quiet face. She had too, she felt certain, a wild, hard look after all these weary hours of waiting and watching, which might betray her.

But no, it was no good delaying any longer, the time had come. She must knock and meet her fate, unless—

A glorious thought. How was it it had not occurred to her before? She must have been mad to have entertained the absurd notion upon which she was about to act a moment ago. Why should she knock at all? She had still got the street-door key in her pocket. Why not make one more effort before she exposed herself?

Thus thinking, she put the key into the lock very cautiously, and turned it. The door opened easily, and she was next moment safe in the passage, which was empty.

Surely never felt feet as lightly as those with which the young girl crept up stairs, holding her breath, and pausing only once outside my lady's door to listen to the regular breathing of the sleeper within, then hurried onward.

Arrived at her room, she closed the door, and sat down for a moment to think. A smile of triumph spread across her white face. She rubbed her small thin hands together, and laughed softly to herself. She was delighted beyond measure by her success. She had done them all. She, the little insignificant nonentity, as some of them thought her, perhaps, could play them on a string like so many puppets. Ah! in the end, they would find what she could do. They did not know how strong she was, and how cunning she could be. None of them thought her clever. But she was clever. One of the cleverest persons in the world. Just at this juncture, however, a question occurred to her. How was it that she had not been able to open the street door last night? If there had been anything in the lock, how was it that it was not there this morning. For one of the cleverest persons in the world, it was not so very clever a thing to do, and it seemed to her pretty clear that all the long hours of misery she had had to endure resulted from her own stupid bungling.

This thought was somewhat humiliating, yet, after all, her mistake had not led to any discovery. She had triumphed as she always did, and always would do.

Here the door opened, and Charity Stone walked into the room.

CHAPTER IX.—MARKED MONEY.

Miss Jane, whilst reflecting upon the vast extent of her surprising talents, had not yet begun to think about taking off her bonnet and shawl, and she was sitting thus dressed when the servant suddenly came upon her. Like a flash of lightning, though, the thought occurred to her: Why not say that she was just going out.

She had risen to her feet in the fright of first seeing the woman in the doorway, then sank back again with the lie prepared. But in another instant the folly of the whole scheme was apparent to her. The untouched bed, upon which Charity's eyes had fallen, was in itself a sufficient proof of the falsity of her story. She saw, too, that the other knew the truth. She felt instinctively that her best plan was to be silent, and wait for a cue.

"Miss Jane," said the woman, in a hard voice, "I heard you go down stairs last night, and saw you out in the square. I found that you had drawn back the bolts of the street door, and I rebolted it. I sat up expecting you would come back. I have been sitting up all night."

There was a moment's silence after this. Every sentence that Charity had spoken had fallen upon the girl like a heavy blow from her fist, and left her gasping. The worst was known. Every turning by which she might have escaped was cruelly barred, one after the other. Every one? No, there was one left.

"I came back directly," she said. "I only wanted to go out and get something."

"What?"

"Why should you question me in that way, and persecute me? What have I done to you? You have no right. I swear it's true."

She had rambled a little in this speech, and become unnecessarily excited. But the servant held up her hand with an imperative gesture, before which the other became suddenly silent, though raging furiously.

"I know what you are telling me is not the truth. I leant out of the window, and saw you get into a cab that was waiting there for you. I saw some one help you in. It was a man. You are even now dressed in a way that you never are at other times. Where were you going with him? I don't care to know—I don't wish to learn your secrets, Miss Jane. I should be afraid to sleep if I knew all of them, perhaps. I hope God will forgive me if I do you wrong. I don't say all I have thought since that day Mrs. Drake was here—since you sat up that night with the sick young lady."

Here Jane, even whiter than usual, and with a quivering face, but no tears, caught at Charity's hand.

"You are going to tell me—that's what you are going to do. You know my lady loves me, and you are jealous. But it will break her heart if you tell her. You know it will. That's why you want to do it. What secrets have I got? I never did any wrong. I am not afraid of my secrets being known, though other people would be if I said I would tell. I could ruin other people. What makes you persecute me? You don't. I know more than you think, and, if you tell, I'll tell, too."

There was an unusual defiance in her eyes, and she seemed with the last words to grow taller and more womanly than Charity had ever seen her look before. Yet she scarcely understood the drift of the girl's threat, for, of course, she knew nothing of the secret visitation of her trunk, and the eavesdropping at the parlour door. But she was not long left in doubt. The girl continued—

"My lady doesn't know that you have people come to see you. But I know who it is. My lady wanted to know why you asked her for money the other day. You wouldn't tell her—but I could have told. What makes you want to hunt me down, then? I don't try to hurt you. It's very cruel of you."

"What do you mean, Miss Jane?" Charity asked, in a tone which she intended should be firm, but which trembled a little, in spite of her efforts to control it. If you know anything about me, tell me what it is, and perhaps I can explain. I shall, any how, speak the truth."

"I don't want to know your secrets," retorted the girl, quickly. "But my lady would be very angry, I am sure. If you don't think so, why didn't you tell why you wanted the money?"

"How did you know I did not tell her?"

"I do know."

"Then you were listening?"

"Yes; and I heard him ask you for it. What will he do if you don't get it? He'll come here, perhaps, and see my lady."

"And if he does?"

"She would send you away. She would be so angry, because you had not told her. But I know how to manage it. I can prevent him coming."

The servant was all attention now, listening to the young girl as to an oracle.

"If you know all this, Miss Jane, as you say, you know how badly I want the money. Where can I get it?"

"I have got it. My lady gave it to me the other day when Mrs. Drake went away. I don't want it for anything and will lend it to you if you promise not to tell. You see I do not want to hurt you. But you are so unkind to me."

Charity listened with some feeling of contrition. She almost began to fancy that she had mis-judged the girl, that she had been a little too hard on our young friend.

Jane noticed a change come over her face and quickly followed up the advantage she had gained.

"You will let me help you, won't you? Shall I give you the money now? How much do you want?"

"Oh! I want a great deal, Miss Jane. I could not think of taking any from you. I thank you all the same."

But Jane persisted.

"How much? I have got a great lot."

"Oh! I wanted quite five pounds. You must not think of it any more."

"Stop, stop."

The girl caught at her hand as she turned to go.

"I have got the money and will give it you at once. No, I will bring it you down when I come; will that do?"

"That will do very well indeed. But I don't like taking it."

"But you must, and—and you will not say anything?"

"No, no. I did not mean to do so, but pray be careful. You shall tell me all about it, miss, perhaps I may be of some help. I am older than you are and have suffered—oh! a great deal."

"I am sure of that, and I am sure you will not tell of me."

She watched the servant on her way down stairs, and when at the turn she looked upwards and smiled and nodded, the girl smiled and nodded back at her with a world of meaning in her looks; but the smile soon vanished as the servant's head disappeared, and with one of those old ugly looks, Miss Jane returned, and leaning her head upon her hands stood a few moments gazing out in the square.

Abandoning this attitude, suddenly, she began to drag off her bonnet and shawl, muttering, as she did so, "I'll pay her out. I must pay her out for this. How tired I am. But I must not go to sleep before I have got her the money."

The money Jane had spoken of as being in her possession was, in reality, downstairs in the lumber-room where now she went to fetch it. Having listened at the top of the kitchen stairs to make sure that Charity was there, busy with her work, Jane stole in among the accumulated rubbish and drew out from its hiding-place the little canvas bag of guineas she had been to find the other evening, as has been described.

Emptying out into her hand five of these coins, she was about to go with them from the room, but stopped and hesitated, smiled brightly, and replaced them.

A great idea had occurred to her—a rare plan for paying out this woman she hated so. In another part of the room, among some rubbish under the grate, there were two or three small packets of guineas screwed up in greasy rags of paper, which a lady had previously used to curl her very palpable wig, worn only on society nights, she wearing at other times a wig several shades darker.

From one of these packets she took out five guineas, looking particularly at each for a little mark which she expected to find, and found. Then with another bright smile left the room, and presently, having given Charity the stolen money, crept noiselessly upstairs again and lay down upon the bed.

She smiled more brightly still in her slumber, perhaps at the recollection of fairyland, or at the thought that the great and glorious period of paying out had at last arrived. But this happy vision passing away, her face aged and hardened in that curious way peculiar to her, and her hand, with its cruel fingers twisted upon the sheet, and tightened its grasp as though it had closed upon the throat of a hated enemy.

(To be continued.)

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THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

The weather on the morning of Saturday last was as unsettled as usual at this time of the year; although the previous evening had given promise of a fine day, it was not realised, the rain falling so heavily during the whole of the early part of the morning as perceptibly to thin the banks and bridges of the vast assemblage usually found to congregate there on such occasions; still there were twenty steamers under weigh, and many ladies were present. Betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on Oxford.

Arrangements had been made under the supervision of the Harbour-Master and Thames Conservancy to keep the steamers in a line, behind some barges moored opposite Simmons' boat-yard; but the anxiety of some of the captains to afford their living freight a view of the race, induced them to break through the regulation, and the Cambridge men, after having once got into their boat, left her until proper order was restored. This caused a delay, so that although thousands had left their beds at a very early hour, in consequence of the announcement that the race would start at eight o'clock, they might just as well have stayed there another hour, for the race did not start till 8 h. 58 min. 48 sec. The crews were as follows:—

OXFORD CREW.

1. W. P. Bowman	University	10st 11lb
2. J. H. Fish	Worcester	12st 1lb
3. E. S. Carter	Worcester	11st 12lb
4. W. W. Wood	University	12st 6lb
5. J. C. Towne	University	13st 4lb
6. F. Crowder	Brasenose	11st 11lb
7. F. Willan	Exeter	12st 3lb
8. R. G. Marsden	Merton	11st 11lb
C. R. W. Tottenham (cox)	Ch. Ch.	8st 6lb

CAMBRIDGE.

1. W. H. Anderson	Trinity	11st 0lb
2. J. M. Collard	St. John's	11st 4lb
3. J. U. Bourke	Trinity	12st 9lb
4. Hon. J. Gordon	Trinity	12st 3lb
5. F. E. Cunningham	King's	12st 12lb
6. J. Still	Calus	11st 12lb
7. H. Watney	St. John's	11st 0lb
8. W. R. Griffiths	Trinity	12st 0lb
A. Forbes (cox)	St. John's	8st 2lb

As usual, Mr. G. W. Chutey, of Exeter College, Oxford, was umpire; Mr. Edward Searle, starter; and Honest John (Phelps, of Fulham), judge, in a boat moored at the bottom of Barker's rails.

The Oxonians, having again won the toss, went to the best station on the Middlesex side of the river.

The race began on the top of a very weak neap tide, with the wind accompanying the rain from W.S.W., which rendered the water rough, and in many of the reaches was adverse to the rowers. The men's blue jackets had not been off a minute before the struggle had commenced. Although both crews took the water at the same second, the action of the Oxonians was quicker, the first few strokes being taken at the rate of 40 per minute. Equally rapid as the start had been, was that of each man setting down fairly to his labour, and at the Bishop's Creek the boat was strictly level.

Oxford at that time rowing 38 strokes per minute, and Cambridge 39. They maintained these positions at great pace only for a few seconds, and then Cambridge drew about a couple of yards in front, and so arrived at the point in 2 min. 43 sec., and at the Dung Wharf, still with a slight lead, in 3 min. 43 sec. The Oxonians, putting more power into their work, shot by the Cantabs, and at the Crab Tree, in the middle of the shoot to the Surrey side, were six or seven yards in advance. The boats now neared each other, the Oxford steering a little too much over to the Surrey side, and it was apprehended that there would be a foul; but the Cantabs gave way, and both pursued their course at a most extraordinary pace, considering the weakness of the tide under them. The Cambridge coxswain, in order to right himself for Hammersmith-bridge, in his turn also made a steer towards his opponent in the centre, and again there was imminent hazard of a foul; but as Oxford no more courted such an unpleasantly than Cambridge had done two minutes before, Mr. Tottenham steered wide before the light, and they were again pursuing their proper courses at the Soap Works. Both crews made dashing spurts to see which would have a rise first at Hammersmith-bridge, and the Cambridge stroke accelerated the pace to 40 or 41 strokes per minute, went first under the centre arch, with the nose of their boat five or six feet in advance; time, 7 minutes 50 seconds. Oxford now lay down to their work with a slight increase in the way on the boat, the water here (off Bitha's), being exceedingly lumpy, Cambridge, from their position, getting it rather smoother than their adversaries. At the bottom of Chiswick Eyot, Cambridge led by full half their length, but abating the number of stroke to 38 per minute, Oxford rowing 37, began to change the aspect of affairs, and, taking a slight lead from this moment to the end of the race, never forfeited it. The rowing in the Oxford boat presented all the elements of Oxford rowing, but lacked the full perfection of style for which their crews were so famed, while that of Cambridge could hardly be deemed style at all, as compared with what we have seen from that university in former years; it could not be said that the Oxford stroke was a very first-rate oar, and they were occasionally short, while Mr. Griffiths—not only had more than one passenger, as it was said, in the boat—but he had himself departed from his own personal excellent form, which last year stamped him with good judges as the consummate oarsman; no one, however, could doubt that he, and every man in his boat, rowed with the most determined game, and did all that mortal men could do to turn the tide of fortune in their favour; but the crew was not so strong as that of Oxford, who, at this juncture, evidently had their opponents safe, and were certainly rowing within themselves. At Chiswick Ferry, Mr. Griffiths made another and another powerful spurt, which triflingly lessened the now increasing lead of the Oxonians, and both then fell into, Cambridge 38, and Oxford 37, strokes per minute. So they continued, judiciously steered, to Barnes-bridge—time 17 mins. 33 sec.—where the Oxonians led by half their own length. Once more the invincible pluck of Cambridge was put to the test, and they overlapped their opponents a few feet more. With pace scarcely abated, the Oxonians rowing well and strong, did not draw away again until off the White Hart, Barnes, where Mr. Marsden gave his crew "half-a-dozen," and they nearly cleared themselves; but as they approached the Ship at Mortlake, the hopes of the Cambridge party revived, forming a final effort 200 yards from home, they went outside a barge and had what little stream was left, while Oxford hugged the bank and had at least the still water; by this the Cantabs drew nearly level again, but the Oxford coxswain, evidently well-tutored, gave the word to his crew—who were strong and fresh, while their opponents were worn out and tired—and they left them without difficulty and won by half a length. The time, as taken by one of Mr. J. W. Benson's marking chronographs, was 22 min. 39 sec., and, considering the state of the tide and wind, the performance may be deemed the fastest that has ever taken place over the same course.



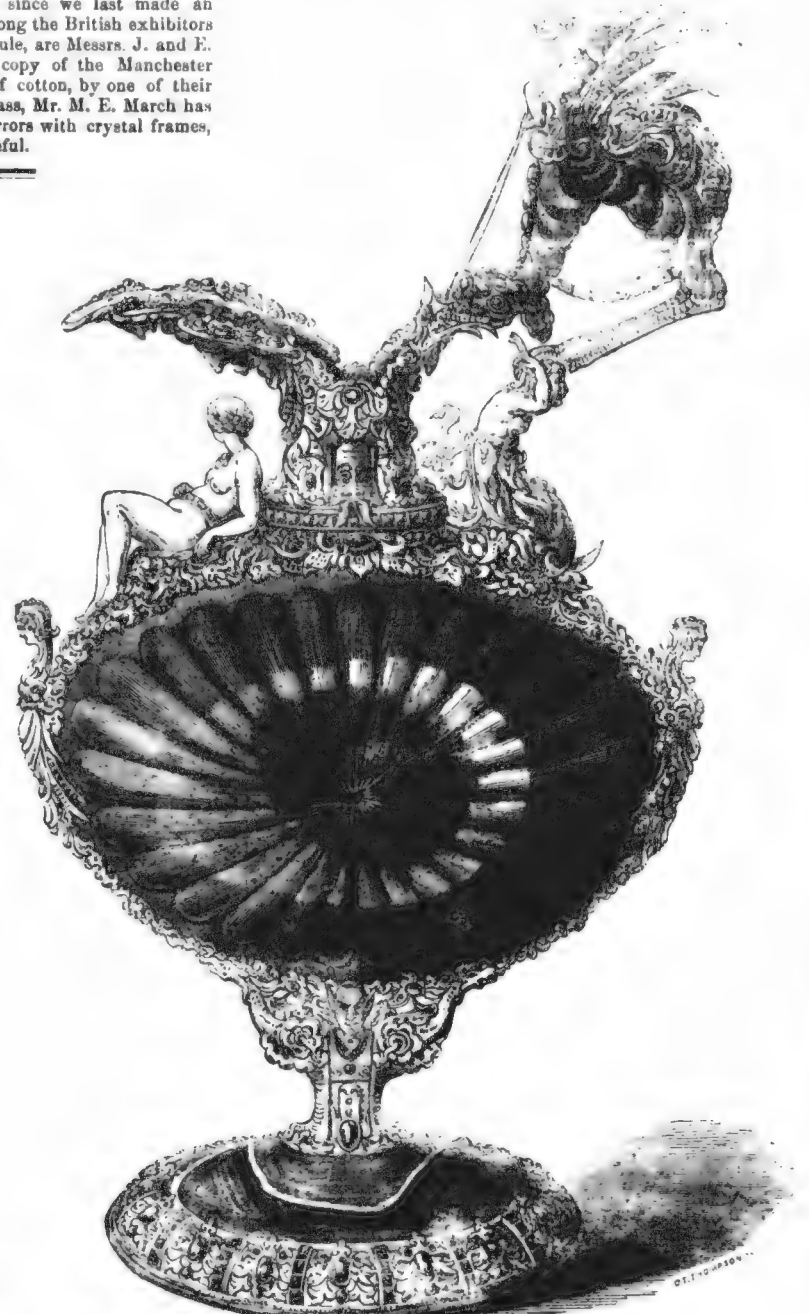
WORKS OF ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Although every day brings new points of interest to light in various parts of the Exhibition and of the grounds, there remains so much to do in every department that no complete survey of the industry of any nation, or of any industry as illustrated by all the nations can yet be made.

Of the main vestibule this remark may be justly made, viz., that it is finished on the English side, and shows only curtained and unfinished cases on the French side. Every English bay is complete; and a brilliant show the Mintons, Copelands, Wedgwoods,

Jackson and Grahams, make! The French concede that we have made giant strides in art manufactures, since we last made an appearance in a French Exhibition. Among the British exhibitors who have just been advanced to the vestibule, are Messrs. J. and E. Waters, of Manchester, who exhibit a copy of the Manchester Albert Memorial, built entirely of reels of cotton, by one of their mill-joiners. Among the exhibitors of glass, Mr. M. E. March has just entered an appearance with some mirrors with crystal frames, and flower stands, all very light and graceful.



WORKS OF ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE EASTER MONDAY VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

The final details of arrangements for the forthcoming volunteer review at Dover by the War-office authorities and the military and local authorities at Dover are now completed, and should the volunteers muster in the strength anticipated, and in accordance with the returns made by the respective battalions, the whole force, including the regular troops, engaged will fall little short of 25,000 men.

We have authority for stating, so far as the military arrangements are concerned, that whilst the details regarding the arrival and departure, massing and marching of the volunteers to the review ground will be under the direction of Colonel Erskine, Inspector-General of Volunteers, and Major-General McCleverty, the commander-in-chief of the South-Eastern district, Major-General Ellice, commandant of Dover garrison, will command the attacking force, which will be composed of the regular troops and a portion of the volunteer force, which will form his division. The entire force will be constituted in four divisions, the three other divisions being severally commanded by Major-General Lord G. Paget, Major-General Sir H. Lindsay, and Major-General Campbell. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief will be present, but will not command the evolutions.

The actual number of volunteers, in accordance with the returns made to the War-office as intending to take part in the review, reach an aggregate of 23,695, and in addition to these the regular troops to be engaged in the operations will be composed of the Royal Artillery, the depot battalions of Shorncliffe and of Walmer, and the 70th Regiment, now stationed at Dover. The cavalry depots from Canterbury, under the command of Colonel Hecker, will be engaged in the review, and number about 200 sabres, and one troop of the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles (Major Dickson). Lord Mountcharles's troop of the same regiment were also expected to take part, but his lordship, fearing that from the great pressure in the town for stable accommodation, the yeomanry horses would be in the way, does not think it desirable to call them out. The guns of Dover Castle will not only be brought into action on this occasion, but also those of the western heights are to be used in aid of the defences of the Castle, and they will be manned and served by artillery volunteers, assisted in their service by the Royal Artillery.

The plan of the field-day evolutions is stated to be a very simple one, and has been arranged upon the principle of what would be just likely to occur in the event of any contemplated attempt at invasion by the landing of a hostile force in the vicinity of Dover, and which, when completed, will be admirably and most intelligibly defined in a map. From this it would appear that the Government have determined that a naval force shall take part in the engagement, although the men-of-war detached for the attack on Dover have not as yet been named. It is, however, to be assumed that under cover of the guns of a hostile fleet the enemy succeed in effecting a landing at that part of the coast known as "Crab" or "Laydon" Bay, about midway between the eastern side of Dover Castle and the South Foreland Lighthouse. By means of a gap near what is known as the "Cobbler," the invading army are supposed to have stealthily succeeded in gaining the ridge and extending their lines across under its cover to "Crow" Hill and "Guston," its rear resting on St. Margaret's. Having succeeded in gaining the heights with artillery, a battery of ten guns is brought into position to command the eastern side of the Castle; but in order to counteract this a brigade of artillery from the Castle, consisting of a battery of sixteen guns, is sent forward, the left flank resting on Fox Hill and Castle Hill Fort and Edinburgh Hills, across which the division detached for the defence are to take up their position in order to prevent the enemy crossing the Deal-road. Between these points it is understood the general action will be fought, and whilst the guns at Dover Castle and the other fortifications are engaged on the one side, those on the other will be employed in replying to the bombardment, which it is believed will be represented by the shipping lying off in the Channel. Should the whole of these contemplated movements be carried out, the spectacle will, without doubt, be one of the grandest and most interesting of the kind which has yet been witnessed in connection with the volunteer service of the country.

The great difficulty which at the outset the selection of Dover presented, as compared with Brighton, was the want of space for the rendezvous of the volunteers, both before and after the review. There are in the town of Dover no open spaces such as the Level and the various enclosures extending from the Level to the Steine at Brighton, and consequently the question arose as to where the volunteers should be massed, their companies be formed, and made up in battalions. It has been arranged by the Inspector-General that the only place where this can be anything like adequately carried out is the sea frontage of the town, and it has been decided that the rendezvous of the volunteers shall be brigaded at the

Esplanade, Waterloo-crescent, Camden-crescent, and the Marine-parade. From the rendezvous to the review ground the right wing will march by the Rope-walk to the Monument, the left wing by Camden-crescent to the Monument; and both wings from the Monument over the New Bridge, along Beach-street, King-street, Castle-street, New Castle Hill-road, and Guston-road. From the review ground:—The right wing: By the Guston-road, Frith Meadow-gate, the Old Charlton-road, Love-lane, Bridge-street, High-street, Biggin-street, Cannon-street, Market-square, King-street, Beach-street, New Bridge, to the rendezvous. Left wing: The Deal turnpike-road, New Castle Hill-road, Wolcomber-street, Marine-place, to the rendezvous. With a view to prevent any obstruction to the volunteers on their march, the corporation have ordered that from 8.30 to 11 a.m., and from 6 to 9 p.m., the entire front of the Esplanade, Waterloo-crescent, Camden-crescent, and the Marine-parade and approaches shall be closed, as well as other streets and places on the route.

Amongst other arrangements the local magistrates have granted a temporary licence to the Royal Clarence, or new "Imperial" Hotel, which is being fitted up in hot haste by Mr. Charles Tomkins, of Leadenhall-street, London; as also to a caterer, who, it is said, has in the course of erection a booth capable of accommodating 6,000 persons.



EL PASEO (AFTER A PICTURE BY J. PHILLIP)

With respect to providing for the volunteers on their arrival on Easter Monday arrangements appear to have been made for breakfast for some 3,000 or 4,000 on their arrival, but it would appear that a large number of the proposed caterers stick to the extravagant tariff of 2s. per head. Lodging accommodation is also getting exceedingly scarce and comparatively dear, and there is a great probability that no small number of our citizen soldiers, who intend making a sojourn in Dover, will have to put up with something harder than feather-beds for their nightly rest.

EL PASEO.

The fine art engraving which we herewith give is from a picture by J. Phillip, and was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, and afterwards found a royal purchaser. It is one of the artist's singularly characteristic Spanish studies, and a real masterpiece in its way. The dark Spanish eye—the coquettish use of the fan—the very turn of the head, carry the reminiscences of the spectator back to the Prado, if he has ever had the good fortune to be there at the hour when Spanish beauty crowds that delightful promenade. Our engraving will convey an excellent general idea of this clever picture.

A telegram has been received from India announcing that the Duke of Cambridge has been appointed to the Indian Branch of the Company to be engaged for twelve

A FAITHFUL MOURNER.—AN INCIDENT OF THE DOG TAX.

A very singular and interesting occurrence has been brought to light in the Burgh Court, by the hearing of a summons in regard to a dog tax. Eight and a half years ago, it seems, a man named Gray, of whom nothing more is known, except that he was poor, and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in Old Greyfriars' churchyard. His grave, levelled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone, is now scarcely discernible, but though no human interest would seem to attach to it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten. During all these years the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over the grave, and it was this animal for which the collectors sought to recover the tax. James Brown, the old curator of the burial-ground, remembers Gray's funeral, and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and next morning "Bobby," as the dog is called, was found lying on the newly-made mound. This was an innovation which old James could not permit, for there was an order at the gate stating, in the most intelligible terms, that dogs were not admitted. "Bobby" was accordingly driven out; but next morning he was there again, and for the second time was discharged. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him, and gave him some food. This recognition of his devotion gave "Bobby" the right to make the churchyard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's grave. Often in bad weather attempts have been made to keep him within doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that this interference is not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been always allowed to have his way. At almost any time during the day he may be seen in or about the churchyard; and no matter how rough the night may be nothing can induce him to forsake the hallowed spot, whose identity, despite the irresistible obliteration it has undergone, he has so faithfully preserved.

"Bobby" has many friends, and the taxgatherers have by no means proved his enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was long allowed by Sergeant Scott, of the Engineers; but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. John Trail, of the restaurant, 6, Greyfriars-place. He is constant and punctual in his calls, being guided in his mid-day visits by the sound of the time gun. On the ground of "harbouring" the dog in this way, proceedings were taken against Mr. Trail for payment of the tax. The defendant expressed his willingness, could he claim the dog, to be responsible for the tax; but so long as the animal refused to attach himself to any one, it was impossible, he argued, to fix the ownership—and the court, seeing the peculiar circumstances of the case, dismissed the summons.

"Bobby" has long been an object of curiosity to all who have become acquainted with his interesting history. His constant appearance in the grave-yard has caused many inquiries to be made regarding him, and efforts out of number have been made from time to time to get possession of him. The old curator, of course, stands up as the next claimant to Mr. Trail, and has offered to pay the tax himself rather than have "Bobby"—"Greyfriars' Bobby," to allow him his full name—put out of the way.—*Scotman.*

ANGLING.—The river Thames is daily getting into good order for trout fishing. A fine trout of 8lb. was taken at Chertsey, on Saturday last, by one of the mem-

bers of the Thames Angling Preservation Society; another member tried the Halliford waters a few days since, but only got one touch, which entirely cleared his bait. In the previous week he was more successful, having taken two trout of 2½lb. in splendid condition, at Moulsey, which he believes were of the Thames breed. This same gentleman, two seasons since, captured nine large trout out of the preserved waters. J. Keen, of Chertsey, has taken a trout 2½lb. and one of the same weight was taken by a gentleman at Sunbury. Tom Davis, of Moulsey, has been very fortunate with his patrons, having caught four trout in one week, the largest being about 4½lb. The lovers of fish culture will be glad to learn that the young fry at Hampton are in a healthy state, and a considerable number have been turned into the rearing ponds at Sunbury.

Whilst the Emperor reviewed the troops in the court of the Tuilleries last week the Prince Imperial appeared for a few moments at the balcony of the Cour de l'Horloge. He is reported to have looked pale and somewhat thin, which is but natural after the severe suffering he has gone through. Previous to inspecting the troops his Majesty spent several hours at the Exhibition, in company with the King of Belgium. The Prince of Orange has left Paris for the Hague, and the Count of Flanders has likewise quitted the city with the pleasant prospect of his approaching marriage with one of the most charming and gifted Princesses in Europe—sister of the lovely and beloved Queen of Portugal, whose early death was so deeply lamented.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

ALLEGED ASSAULT ON A FEMALE.

The Rev. George Keppel, of Carshalton, was placed at the bar at the Southwark Police-court, before Mr. Woolrych, charged with indecently assaulting Mary Ann Fraser, a respectable-looking young woman, while getting out of a railway carriage at the London-bridge terminus.

The prosecutrix, a well-conducted and neatly-dressed young woman, said that she was single and a domestic servant, at present living with her parents, and, until recently, in the service of James Maitland, Esq., of Croydon. On Saturday evening last, at six o'clock, she got into a third-class carriage at Charing-cross with her mother to proceed to London-bridge. The defendant was in the same compartment, as well as a railway porter. The former was sitting near the door and the platform, and as she was getting out at London-bridge, he put his hand behind her, and treated her in an indecent manner. Mr. Woolrych asked if he disarranged her clothing. Witness replied in the negative. He put his hand outside her clothes, and grasped her slightly on the thigh. Mr. Woolrych asked whether she had spoken to him before he insulted her in the manner described. Witness replied that she had not. He spoke to her mother shortly after they left Charing-cross, and he said something to a person in the next compartment about the Parliament. Witness never spoke to him until after he had treated her indecently, and she had told him of it, when he said he was sorry for it. He did not intend to insult her, and, if he had done so, it was by accident in helping her out of the carriage.

In cross-examination by Mr. Mackenzie, witness said it was a third-class carriage, open all the way through. He neither spoke to her or touched her on the journey, but when she was alighting from the carriage, he endeavoured to get between her and her mother. She had a crinoline on, but it was very small; the same she had now on, and it was not large enough to incommode him while she was getting out.

Mr. Mackenzie: Now did he not put his hand to arrange your crinoline, as it was nearly in his face?—Witness.—No. He put his hand on my clothes roughly, and touched me in an indecent manner. My crinoline could not have annoyed him.

You have seen females with large crinolines getting out of railways and omnibuses?—Yes, I have, sir; and some of them have been very large and annoying to other passengers. I have seen gentlemen put their hands out to keep them away.

Did not defendant say he had no intention of behaving indecently towards you, and that he was very sorry if, by accident, such had been the case?—Yes, he did, and he offered every apology to me but I thought it best to give him in custody.

Mr. Woolrych.—Are you of opinion that he purposely assaulted you in the manner described.—Witness.—Yes, sir; I am. I was never so assaulted before.

Mary Fraser, the mother of the complainant, who said her husband was a pensioner in the Scotch Fusilier Guards, and she carried on the business of a laundress at 14, Cecil-Court, Saint Martin's-lane, corroborated daughter's statement.

Charles Martin, a porter in the employ of the South-Eastern Railway Company said on Saturday evening, at six o'clock, he got into a third-class compartment of the Greenwich train, to go to the Spa-road. The defendant was near the door, the last witness next him, and the complainant sitting opposite. When the train stopped at London-bridge the complainant was in the act of leaving the carriage, when the defendant put his hand behind her, forcing it between her legs in a very indecent manner. She turned round and asked him what he meant by it, when he said, "I am sorry for it. I beg your pardon, if I have done anything I am not aware of it." The mother got out immediately, and witness remained in the carriage. Witness was on the same side as the defendant, and saw it all plainly.

Mr. Mackenzie: Now, you being an officer in the employ of the company, and seeing such an assault committed, was it not your duty to interfere?

Witness: I had no time to do so, as the defendant followed the others out so quickly. However, the inspector called me out, and having asked me what I had seen, the defendant was given into custody.

Mr. James Bell, an inspector in the employ of the South-Eastern Railway Company, said that on Saturday evening he was on duty on the London-bridge platform when the Greenwich train arrived from Charing-cross and Cannon-street. As soon as the train stopped he saw the young woman get out, and heard her calling the defendant an old beast. He went up and asked what was the matter, when she said she had been grossly insulted by him, at the same time describing the nature of the assault. Witness asked her whether any one else witnessed it. She replied, "Yes, her mother, and one of the railway porters, who was then in the carriage." Witness took her back, and she pointed out the witness Martin, whom he called out, and having corroborated her statement he took the defendant into custody. Witness knew nothing further of the matter.

Mr. Mackenzie here addressed the magistrate for the defendant, who was a personal friend, and a gentleman of great piety, benevolence, and literary attainments, and could not be guilty of the act imputed to him. He did not wish to cast any slur upon the complainant, or the witnesses for the prosecution, who had given their evidence with apparent truthfulness as far as they really believed, but he contended that they must be mistaken that the defendant did purposely put his hand behind the young woman as stated. The reverend defendant was well known as a kind and benevolent man, and in his zeal to assist the young woman out of the carriage his hand got somewhat entangled in her crinoline, and he emphatically denied any intention of acting in any wise indecently towards the young woman. His worship would see by the plans he held in his hand that the compartment was only five feet wide, and she could not have passed him without his being compelled to put his hand out to avoid her crinoline, and if his hand touched her in doing so he regretted very much that she had been annoyed by it. It could hardly be likely that he, a clergyman, should in broad daylight wilfully commit such an act as that described by her witnesses. It was not feasible. Therefore, without casting any imputation on the witnesses, he called on his worship to dismiss the complaint.

Mr. Woolrych observed that he had carefully investigated the case, and sifted all the evidence, but he could see nothing to throw the slightest doubt on the testimony of the complainant, corroborated as she was by her mother and the railway porter. He had very anxiously inquired into the case, as it not only bore upon the character of individuals, but it was known that females had frequently committed errors in making such charges, many of which had been ascertained to be false and trumped up. In the present case, however, there did not appear to be anything of the kind.

The witnesses were respectable, and it was not sought to impeach their conduct. Under all the circumstances, he must send the case before a jury, but the defendant would be remanded until a future day for the completion of the depositions. Bail, of course, would be accepted.

Mr. Easton, of the firm of Easton and Amos, engineers, and Dr. Helsham, having entered into the required sureties, the rev. defendant left the court with his friends.

FORGERY.—John Lockwood, landlord of the Prince of Wales beer-shop, Church-street, Southwark, was brought before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion-house, on remand, charged with forgery. On the 27th of March last the prisoner called at the shop of Mr. Curtis, a butcher in Trinity-lane, and bought a joint of meat, in payment for which he tendered a £20 note of the Reigate, Croydon and Dorking Bank (now defunct) and received £19. 12s. in change. A few days afterwards Mr. Curtis sent the note with other monies to his banker's, and it was returned to him marked "forged." The Reigate, Croydon, and Dorking Bank had stopped payment in June, 1850, and the note was dated Feb. 21, 1865, nearly fifteen years afterwards. The printed part of the note was from a genuine plate, but it was signed by a person unknown to any one who had been connected with the bank, and the date was a forgery. The prisoner, in presenting the note to Mr. Curtis, wrote on the back of it "John Gordon," saying that was his own name, and giving his address, Park Farm, East Croydon. On inquiry no person of that name was known there, and the prisoner on being apprehended explained in effect that Gordon was not his own name but that of a man from whom he had received the note. Upon evidence, of which this is the substance, the prisoner had been remanded. A witness named Grieves, a porter at a boarding-house, spoke to having, on the evening of the 27th of March, met the prisoner, whom he had previously known slightly. The prisoner told him he was going to reside at Croydon, and had sent his furniture there, and asked him to get change for a country note for £20 for him. The prisoner offered him 2s. or 3s. for his trouble if he would obtain change for him, but Grieves still declined, upon which she went away. Joseph Hale Bryan, landlord of the Swan Public-house in Great Dover-street, Dover-road, produced a £10 note of the same bank, dated the 11th of May, 1865, which had been paid to his barmaid, Catherine Stockwell, on the evening of the 27th of March last, the same evening as that on which the prisoner had paid the £20 note to Mr. Curtis. The barmaid explained that the prisoner, who frequented the house, had bought half a gallon of gin, in payment for which he tendered the note, receiving in change £9 odd. He was accompanied on that occasion by a friend of his, named Hussey. On being apprehended the prisoner made the same statement as to the £10 note as he had made with respect to that for £20, viz., that he had received it from a man named Gordon. Mr. Pace, cashier to Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, and Barnard, bankers in Cornhill, who had been the London agents to the defunct bank in Reigate, up to the time of its stoppage on the 24th June, 1850, proved that both notes were forgeries, and that about a dozen similar notes had recently been presented at their bank for payment. Mr. Mullens, the solicitor for the prosecution, stated to the bench that Messrs. Nash and Neale, the partners in the stopped bank at Reigate, became bankrupts, and that he had ascertained that the notes in question, which in due course would fall into the hands of the official assignee, had been purchased by a person in the Borough as waste paper. A third charge was then preferred against the prisoner—that of feloniously receiving two £5 Bank of England notes, well knowing them to have been stolen. The Lord Mayor committed him to Newgate for trial on all three charges, and declined to entertain an application by his solicitor to admit him to bail.

THE ENGINE DRIVERS' STRIKE.—Although the strike still continues among the drivers on the North-Eastern Railway, on Saturday morning very nearly the full number of engines were employed taking coal to the Tyne Docks, where so many vessels have been waiting for their cargoes. All over the line the number of drivers had been greatly augmented, there being more men on that day than on any other since the strike. The company have been advertising for men in Scotland, and have received numerous applications for work. A letter from the men, offering an explanation to the directors, was sent by the committee at York on Friday, but the company do not think it advisable to meet advances from men who have broken their contracts, and who are aware that legal measures are being taken against them. With regard to the shed-day, the directors state that they know nothing of such an arrangement, and that no such stipulation was made to the men, who even though this day be granted are not content to go on as before, but seek to enforce the terms of their memorial, insisting on higher wages for second-class men after they have served some time, and also making a claim for overtime. The directors of the North-Eastern Company at York met on Friday, and resolutions were passed according to their thanks to those engine-drivers and firemen who have not abandoned their duties, and promising that permanent employment shall be offered to competent drivers and firemen, and that when once engaged they shall not be superseded. On Sunday several goods trains were started, and the passenger trains ran as usual. At Shields some of the men have applied to be allowed to resume their work, but they have not been permitted to do so. From this place the trains were pretty regular on Sunday. The strength of the resources at the command of the directors was tested on Saturday, that being the usual day for the Yorkshire markets, and which, fortunately for the public, proved not inadequate. The trains were punctual both on arriving and departing, and York Station presented nothing beyond its ordinary appearance. At the end of a statement, dated York the 13th inst. the drivers say, as a proof how defiant oppression has made them, that they are more and more determined to unite together to carry the struggle through to its "bitter end."

By a late act of Congress the "National Lincoln Monument Association" has been organised. Senator Harlan is president; Hon. James M. Edmunds is secretary; Frederick Douglass (the negro speaker) is one of the managers for New York.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our valuable climate during the winter months coughs and colds are the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strang's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsam preparation, is strongly recommended by the faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospital).—See *Modern Medicine*, vol. 2, page 184. It will relieve the most irritating coughs in a few minutes, and by its mild stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers from the want of an effective remedy at a low cost, have the germ of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 6d. Prepared by P. Strang, operative chemist, 269, East-street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 139, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crapse, Chancery-lane.—*Advt.*

CASUALTY AND CRIME.

DREADFUL SUICIDE THROUGH DRINK.—Dr. Lankester held an inquest on Monday at the "Queen's Arms," Red Lion-pass, Holborn, on the body of Robert Benjamin Smith, a porter, aged sixty-four, who committed suicide in a fit of madness resulting from intoxication. His widow deposed that he frequently returned home intoxicated, and always on such occasions declared that he would commit suicide. On Thursday night he returned home drunk. He was put to bed at about 12 o'clock, but in two hours he got up and began to act very violently, with a lighted candle in his hand. The candle was got from him, when he rushed out of the room, and pouring something from a bottle into a glass, drank it off, exclaiming "Good night, God bless you all, I shall be a dead man before morning." He expired almost immediately. The medical evidence showed that death was caused by a dose of cyanide of potassium. The widow stated that her husband was in the habit of taking methylated spirits. The coroner said it was a great pity that it was not possible to restrict the sale of this spirit more, as its effect was frightfully injurious, and often caused men to commit suicide. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

SHOCKING DEATH OF A PRISONER CHARGED WITH DRUNKENNESS.—Mr. Bedford, the Westminster coroner, held an inquest, on Monday evening, at the Westminster Hospital, respecting the death of Arthur Leach, aged sixty-seven years. The deceased was foreman at Nicholson's, the confectioner, of Piccadilly. On the previous Thursday night, at 10 o'clock, a police-constable saw him leaning against the shutters of the British Hotel, in Cockspur-street, Charing-cross. He said that he had only taken a little too much beer, and he shortly afterwards fell in the roadway. He was then taken into custody, and removed to the King-street police-station. He was seated on a bench in the charge-room for three hours, in order to see if he would become sober. At a quarter to two o'clock on Friday morning he was "charged," and placed in the drunkard's cell, a cell specially constructed with slanting boards. He was visited several times during the morning, and at nine o'clock Inspector Jones found him in a fit, and at once called in the police surgeon, who ordered him to be removed to the hospital, where he expired. Dr. Summerville said that the cause of death was apoplexy, and that death had been accelerated by excessive drinking. Martha Barrington, the daughter of the deceased, said that her father lived at No. 15, Catherine-street, Lambeth. He was a very sober man, and was never given to drink. He was in the habit of having fits, and he sometimes remained in them for four hours. She believed that if a doctor had been sent for while he was at the police-station, his life might have been saved. He had been very ill during the past week. The police never communicated with his family. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from apoplexy, caused by strong drink."

HEAVY GALES AND SHIPPING DISASTERS.

According to the reports of vessels which have arrived at New York, the weather on the Atlantic has been most severe and disastrous. The *Proteus*, on the 22nd of March, was sailing on the northern verge of the gulf stream, when she encountered a boat containing apparently a solitary man. Whilst the ship was standing in the direction of the boat, with a view of picking up the castaway, a heavy sea broke over the frail craft, tossed the man out, and also washed overboard two dead bodies which were lying in the bottom of the boat. The poor sailor perished.

All round the westward coasts the storm has been severely felt, and numerous wrecks are recorded. Near Pendennis, Cornwall, a large steamer was driven almost upon the rocks (as shown in our illustration on page 168), but she fortunately got off again before the lifeboat reached her. During the week, the lifeboats have been doing their service bravely, and scarce a boat on the south and west coasts but has had occasion to put off to some unfortunate vessel.

The late conflicting rumours respecting the revolutionary events at Hayti are reconciled by the details received per West India mail. It appears that President Geffard really did crush the outbreak at Port-au-Prince in February last, but a few days afterwards he issued an amnesty, and announced his intentions of abdicating as soon as the House should meet in April. Taking advantage of the amnesty the revolutionists rose at St. Marc early in March. When President Geffard became aware that his position was untenable unless by the shedding of blood, he made up his mind to abdicate, as he was averse to any hostile proceedings; and he immediately called upon the Senate to meet on the 16th to elect a President. The act of abdication was unconditional, and was addressed to his Ministry and the principal members of the army. The ex-President embarked on the 13th, with his family, on board the French man of war *D'Estaing*, and left for Jamaica where he arrived on the 15th, and proceeded to the residence of Mr. S. Laraque, the consul for Hayti in that island. The provisional government has shown a most conciliatory spirit, but do not appear to have pacified the insurgents, who do not seem to know what they want. Her Majesty's ship *Cadmus* left Jamaica in the 23rd of March for Port-au-Prince, to protect the interests of British subjects who were threatened by the revolutionists. The *Nimble* sailed on the 22nd for Saint Domingo, San Jago de Cuba, and Puerto Rico, and the *Steady* on the 23rd for Bermuda.

Lately, whilst excavations were being made at Pompeii, the workmen discovered a bronze vase, hermetically closed and enveloped in a thick crystallised crust. The interior of the vessel was found to contain a considerable quantity of water. Some persons present ventured to drink some of the liquid, and all agreed in pronouncing it clear, fresh, and of remarkable softness. The water in question must have been preserved for nearly 1,800 years.

Who is Mrs. Winslow?—As this question is frequently asked, we shall simply say that she is a lady who for upwards of thirty years has untiringly devoted her time and talents as a female physician and nurse, principally among children. She has especially studied the constitution and wants of this numerous class, and, as a result of this effort, and practical knowledge obtained in a life-time spent as nurse and physician, she has compounded a *Soothing Syrup* for children. It operates like magic, giving rest and health, and is, moreover, sure to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article Mrs. Winslow is becoming world renowned as a benefactor of her race. Children certainly do rise up and bleed her. Especially is this the case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily sold and used here. We think Mrs. Winslow has in no undervalued her name by this invaluable article, and we sincerely believe thousands of children have been saved from an early grave by its timely use, and that millions yet unborn will share its benefits, and unite in calling her blessed. No mother has discharged her duty to her suffering little one, in our opinion, until she has given it the benefit of Mrs. Winslow's *SOOTHING SYRUP*. Try it, mothers, try it now.—*Ladies' Visitor, New York City.*

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